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The American Scholar

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The American Scholar

VOL. I January · 1932 NO. I

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The American Scholar

PHI BETA KAPPA, the college honor society founded in 1776 at the College of William and Mary in Virginia and now having chapters in one hundred and twenty-six American colleges and a living membership of over 63,000, publishes THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR not only for members of ΦBK but for all who have general intellectual interests.

OBJECTIVES

The promotion in America of liberal scholarship.

A medium for scholars and all persons who are interested in intellectual pursuits, higher learning, and the cultural development of America.

A synthesis of the arts and sciences essential to liberal education and a guiding philosophy of life.

An *esprit de corps* among the educated.

The scholar's responsibility for major social tendencies.

A whole diet for the whole mind.

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ACTION is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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The American Scholar

JOHN ERSKINE

IN 1834 Emerson read the Poem at the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. On August 31, 1837, he read before the same body the famous address on "The American Scholar." James Russell Lowell, recalling the occasion thirty years later, said it "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!" Oliver Wendell Holmes called the address "our intellectual Declaration of Independence. . . . It was easy to find fault with an expression here and there. The dignity, not to say the formality, of an academic assembly, was startled by the realism that looked for the infinite in 'the meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan.' They could understand the deep thoughts suggested by 'the meanest flower that blows,' but these domestic illustrations had a kind of nursery homeliness about them which the grave professors and sedate clergymen were unused to expect on so stately an occasion. But the young men went out from it as if a prophet had been proclaiming to them, 'Thus saith the Lord.' No listener ever forgot that address, and among all the noble utterances of the speaker it may be questioned if one ever contained more truth in language more like that of genuine inspiration."

Those listeners who crowded the hall with their enthusiasm or with their grim dissent, heard these words:

"Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves."

"Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parcelled out

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to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

"Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

"In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking."

"The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

"Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of

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pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

"Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit; henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books."

"Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

"There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called 'practical men' sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or *see*, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,—who are always, more uni-

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versally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not."

"If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trade and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made."

"These being his (The Scholar's) functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, pa-

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tient of reproach, and bide his own time,—happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself."

"Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—

'Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

It is so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it."

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This is the doctrine which those excited listeners disagreed with or approved. Part of it has often been repeated during the ninety-five years since Emerson spoke. We have often been told that American art is less creative than it should be, that our scholarship is timid, that we lean too much upon the tradition of the Old World. It is often the European now who points out this fault of ours, but many Americans also are concerned about it.

Less often we are reminded of the positive note in Emerson's address, that the moment we live in is the best moment for us, and that it lies in our power, as much as it ever lay in the power of our fathers, to enjoy an original relation with the universe.

Emerson might have said that the weakness which he was describing in American scholarship besets scholarship everywhere. By his very nature the scholar loves the past and reveres the accomplishments of his predecessors. Only too easily his most creditable piety passes over into formula or inertia, and his spiritual aspirations which ought to lean toward the future relapse into a meticulous nostalgia. This was true of many scholars in the stirring time of Elizabeth, in the very mid-pulse of the Renaissance. The Gabriel Harveys at whom Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists liked to poke fun were noble scholars, but they were scholars.

If Emerson made his criticism exclusively of his own land, it was because he wished to attend strictly to what is our own business, it was because he wished to provide in advance no excuse for us, it was because in his philosophy each one of us naturally represents the whole race, and should assume the human responsibility in his own person. Perhaps also it was because he felt, as many others have believed, that the situation of the American scholar in history lays upon him peculiar obligations and provides him with unique opportunities. His country must be built up quickly. Its culture must be developed in only a fraction of the time through which European culture slowly grew. But on the other hand this evolution is to be pushed by men and women who bring with them when they arrive on these shores a mature civilization, and who therefore are spared the infinite number of steps by which most people have climbed from a primitive barbarousness to an elaborate and spiritual society. If the Continent is to be filled up so quickly and its resources exploited almost overnight by an influx of peoples already educated in civilization, then

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the result in our intellectual life ought to be something new, a more than usual vigorous attack on the problems in front of us, a clearer sight of things as they are, a sharper decision between better and worse, between good and evil.

In this present year of grace, and in this first number of the Phi Beta Kappa Quarterly, which has assumed for its name the title of Emerson's address, it is inevitable that the American Scholar should take an inventory of himself to see whether he is after all these years yet standing on his own feet, yet solving his own problems rather than the problems of men long dead, whether he yet has learned that the moment in which he lives is for him the richest moment. No doubt each scholar will respond to this scrutiny with his own personal faith. If the progress of American scholarship is measured in the sciences, we can make Emerson a good answer, though I fancy we should have to go outside of academic circles for some of our best illustrations. Emerson would have drawn deep satisfaction from the contributions of Thomas Edison to our civilization, and perhaps an equal satisfaction from the significance, social and otherwise, of Henry Ford's car. Such contributions would seem to him proper to America. He would be no doubt happy in the airship which the Wright brothers developed and which America at first left to other lands to appreciate. He would think it a happy sign of our sanity that this country has made vast strides in the development of the telephone, the radio, the films, and in the more remote and less obvious regions of science; in medicine, in chemistry, in physics. He would no doubt find cause to give thanks that the American scholar does his part.

But Emerson used the word scholar in the somewhat limited and homely sense of the book man, the historian, the critic, the linguist, the philosopher. And speaking in a great college he addressed his famous warning to those of us who are entrusted with the education of youth. What would he think of us if the address were now to be made again?

If he were available we should of course invite him to make an address. Phi Beta Kappa orations are more numerous than they used to be, and the local committee must expend some energy in order to secure a speaker who will draw. Emerson undoubtedly would be among the available. If he came to us in the beginning of June, not

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in the end of August, he would very probably notice the building operations which our campus would be undertaking. A benefactor, doubtless, would have left us money for a building for which to carry on some phase of American scholarship. No doubt the building would be designed by an excellent architect, and at their best, American architects are superb. But if the building had already started to rise, Emerson would notice that its architecture was not American. At one or two colleges it might be, but in the majority it would be Gothic—a peculiar literary kind of Gothic—or it would suggest the Italian Renaissance, or Greece, or Rome.

It is at first hard to see why the American colleges have been so steadily abandoning the lovely architecture with which many of them began, and putting on instead the Gothic garment. One by one the college chapels of the founders become Medieval cathedrals. No one charges that the college is changing its religion or that the Gothic chancel with its place for the high altar means anything to the student body, theologically speaking, which the battered old oak desk did not express, but here in our astonishing landscape rise the vaulted roofs, the clerestories, the windows of colored glass, the mysterious shadows and symbols of another age.

And the Gothic garment is put on for the library too, for the dining hall, even for the dormitories. In an age when the manufacture of glass is no mystery we revert for piety's sake to small and insufficient windows, and live in gloom, helped out by electric bulbs. Moreover, it is the great honor of many of our colleges that they were established not in the Medieval way by the individual patron, but by the will of the community, demanding that its sons and daughters should be taught. But since it is hard to think of a community as a dramatic figure, the colleges which enjoyed this democratic origin tend more and more to invent a myth about some individual and make him a founder. One good college song can upset history. The boys at Amherst sing of Lord Jeffrey, who went to his grave, poor man, without having heard of them or their college, whereas the magnificent farmers who made the college possible are quite forgotten. Why should American college boys prefer to give their own traditions this twist away from the democratic toward what ought to seem to them futile and patronizing? I think the reason is that the human animal likes to make his environment accord with the preoccupation

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of his thoughts. If we are an engineer, or a musician, or a hunter, the room which we live in will sooner or later illustrate in some way our profession. It is an economy of spirit to permit no contrast between what we see inside of us and what we must look upon outside. If our colleges are slowly taking on a Medieval exterior, it is, I believe, because the academic life is still Medieval. It apes unconsciously or intentionally the manners of older lands, and it addresses itself far more than we like to admit to the solution of other men's problems which no longer concern us. The evil is not that we are minding other folks' business—it is that we include our own. We have had enough economic theory in the United States to sink a ship—and behold the ship is sunk!

It is easy to name the Medieval aspects of American scholarship which show themselves in the social organization of our colleges. We have dormitories and cloisters, and certain rules tending toward chaperonage. This is all an inheritance from the monastic ideal. Because the monasteries are still strong in our thoughts, we assume that boys and girls should not marry while they are studying, matrimony and the pursuit of truth being incompatible. In some colleges still a student would fail to get his degree if he married in his junior or senior year. This monastic tradition disguises itself in the press of college life, and in the fetish of a certain kind of college spirit which if carried to a conclusion would make the American college a true monastery or nunnery, a place where the boys or the girls would be separated from the rest of the world, each sex for a time forgetting its relation to general society, and meditating exclusively on higher things.

The monastery would be a possible ideal if we followed it completely. When we segregate boys from general society, we ought to feed their minds with ideas which do not derive from worldly sources. As a matter of fact, these unfortunate youngsters who must be in the dormitory at certain hours, entertain girls only at certain times, and re-visit the normal life only at week ends, are asked to read in class "Romeo and Juliet," or the poetry of Walt Whitman, or the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, or Meredith or Hardy—intellectual fare never designed for monasteries, all exciting the readers' curiosity for the great world. In our colleges, in spite of the Medieval grip on them, the youngsters bootleg life. They would rather not

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bootleg it, they would rather be taught to study it frankly, and they would rather study their own life with its immediate problems than what seemed a problem to Shakespeare or some other writer of a far country or a distant time. The American scholars guide our youth so that the young people do not know what their own problems are. This is probably true, but their teachers ought to know; at least the teachers ought to be aware of *their* own problems even if they cannot imagine the problems of their charges.

There is no doubt at all what Emerson would be thinking of those courses of philosophy which still clutter our catalogs, in which you are taught the solution of subtle problems, the existence of which you did not know until you took the course. The philosopher's contribution to truth when you first hear it seems silly or meaningless, but he assures you that the significance will be clear when you have learned the problem, and you take the course in search for the question which the silly answer will dispose of. When philosophy, however, has been great, it has not made up its problems, it has rather addressed itself to the problems of the age. In our day we face immense questions in ethics, both personal and communal, in the organization of society, of business, of the home. We must give a new account of the arts and their relation to the education and the daily life of average men and women. We are redefining the scope and the period of education, and we are uncertain about the future of organized religion. These and other problems immediate with us the American scholar ought logically to handle. Too often the problems of men die with them, and the problem which is only temporary deserves to die. What could be less lucky for scholarship than that it should continue to ponder the question which had not vitality enough to repeat itself?

In his address Emerson took care to guard against the charge that he saw no value at all in the past, but in all his writings he liked to make the cardinal distinction between the things which have a certain order in time and the things which are timeless. Out of the centuries come a few men, a few occasions, a few ideas, a few problems which seem to belong to all time. Once they have sifted themselves from the irrelevant things of their own age, they need no chronology, they are all up-to-date, and are of one date. When Emerson had occasion to name some of his heroes, he liked to jumble the centuries, putting Washington, perhaps, before Cæsar, or Napoleon before

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Alexander. This apparent confusion he made by design as though to liberate the mind from too exclusive preoccupation with the calendar. He liked every illustration he could find in American life of this freedom of the past which some of our critics have called irreverence. Doubtless he enjoyed that passage in "Snow Bound" in which the young Dartmouth student recites to the delight of the farmer's household stories of Greek mythology in modern terms, making the gods and goddesses seem as though they were neighbors in the berry patch. This transfer of all human experience into what we can understand in our own immediate faith was for Emerson the secret of contact with the universe. We were to find the Over-soul by that supreme exercise of the imagination which enables a man to see himself.

Translated into the plainest terms Emerson's doctrine means for us that American scholarship at this moment ought to attack directly and with no embarrassment of tradition the questions of our life in this year and this month, throwing the past, as one might think, bodily, and starting fresh as though we were the first to use the mind. The best of the past would still be with us, absorbed in our being and in our unconscious culture, yet if it is not yet so absorbed we had better discard it, since after so much worship of it it is an irrelevant covering, an exotic garment, like the Medieval towers we insist on raising among our maples and elms and pines.

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Ralph Waldo Emerson in a Diary of 1837

SOME glimpses of the meetings [of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa] from 1803 to 1848 are to be had from the manuscript notes of the Rev. Dr. John Pierce, of Brookline, who attended every Commencement and Phi Beta Kappa anniversary except one (1808) in this period of forty-six years. . . .

"August 31, 1837. . . . At 12 o'clock the Society proceeded to the Church and listened to an eloquent oration by Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a finished poem by Rev. William Parsons Lunt; after which the members and invited guests sat down to dinner in Commons Hall. The festivity of the occasion was promoted by an excellent song from Dr. O. W. Holmes, and witty toasts and speeches from all parts of the Hall."

Of Emerson's oration, Dr. Pierce says:

"Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson gave an oration, of 1¼ hour, on The American Scholar. It was to me in the misty, dreamy, unintelligible style of Swedenborg, Coleridge, and Carlyle. He professed to have method; but I could not trace it, except in his own annunciation. It was well spoken, and all seemed to attend, but how many were in my own predicament of making little of it I have no means of ascertaining. Toward the close, and indeed in many parts of his discourse, he spoke severely of our dependence on British literature. Notwithstanding, I much question whether he himself would have written such an apparently incoherent and unintelligible address, had he not been familiar with the writings of the authors above named. He had already, in 1834, delivered a poem before the Society."

—*Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter*, 1912, page 141.

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The Fraternity and Scholarship

ALVAN E. DUERR

Chairman of the Interfraternity Conference

THE fraternity is an integral part of college life and, therefore, of our educational system. Whether fraternities were ever purely social, as some claim, or not, it is safe to say that they were born not only of a natural instinct for companionship and social intercourse but of an equally natural desire for an opportunity to formulate and to express the idealism which is so characteristic of young men. And how could the idealism of a college man of serious purpose fail to express itself, at times at least, in intellectual terms?

And so the work that the Interfraternity Conference has undertaken, to stimulate greater interest in fraternity men everywhere in the academic side of college life, has been based upon no belief that the fraternity has fallen heir to the task of teaching its members, even where the college has gradually relinquished that task, but rather upon a desire to satisfy more fully one of the fundamental purposes of the association of college men in groups, to bring the fraternity man to a closer realization of his real object in going to college, and thus to make the fraternity a greater force in the lives of its members by inspiring them to truer self-realization.

College men are more spontaneous in their own company, respond more simply to their finer aspirations, than when in the presence of those whose business it is to guide them, excepting the rare teacher whose sympathy and understanding succeed in breaking down all barriers; and they submit more willingly to discipline administered by their own fellows. For this reason we believe that the fraternity is, potentially at least, the greatest single moral and—in the non-religious sense of the word—spiritual force in college life. And the Interfraternity Conference, which is more concerned with the funda-

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mentals of the fraternity movement, has merely been actuated by a vision of what fraternities can do for their members.

We like to feel, and believe we may, that fraternity men as a group are men of character, and that character is, in the final analysis, the determining factor of a successful life, rich in self-expression and in service to one's fellows. And it seems to us that decent scholarship at college is merely the expression of decent character. The college man assumes his academic career voluntarily; with it he assumes a definite contract, and definite responsibilities. If he has no intellectual interests he should not go to college. If he goes his self-respect demands that he perform his task in a manner commensurate with his God-given capabilities. His presence at college is often at a real sacrifice to those at home; again, a decent self-respect demands that he make a decent return. The world needs men of character, who have definite standards for themselves, who have a real capacity for work and for straight-thinking, and who can bend their wills to a central purpose in life. The task of a college man is largely intellectual, but his intellectual activities are never an end in themselves but merely one of the functions of life. And therefore we are interested in the scholarship of fraternity men for its deeper significance.

During the past generation the belief that fraternity men were less addicted to study than other students gradually became a conviction with the many although no one really had the facts. It had become fashionable without much discrimination to charge fraternity men with possessing in undue measure all the failings of American youth. There is naturally a difference in superficial circumstances as well as in some fundamental characteristics between the kind of men who join fraternities and those who prefer or are compelled to abstain. It is true that fraternity men are apt to come from homes which lack intellectual background and ambition, but the one simple reason why a majority of college men come from such homes is that an interest in intellectual things is not a predominant American characteristic. I wonder whether our teachers have not failed too often because they based their work on something that did not exist instead of realizing that they must pre-suppose nothing and must begin at the very beginning. I wonder, too, whether the mania for denaturing courses of intended intellectual value which has swept the country during the past decades has not been due to an attitude of hopelessness on the part

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of teachers that they will ever be able to arouse real intellectual interest.

We started out five years ago to get the facts. We found that the scholarship of fraternity men justified the prevailing criticism, for in a survey of one hundred and twenty-five colleges at which five or more national fraternities had chapters, the group average of all fraternity men was better than the average of all men in only thirty per cent of these institutions. With the help of the National Associations of both the College Deans and the Registrars we have gradually applied a system of grading which makes it possible to reduce marks of different institutions to a common denominator in terms of the All Men's Average of each institution, and this has made it possible not only to compare the work of a California chapter with that of one in Maine, but to compute composite averages for all fraternities taken as a group, and thus to estimate accurately their progress from year to year.

Decent scholarship as the mark of a fraternity man appealed to the imaginations of fraternity leaders, and the concept spread slowly but surely. We have not been working for grades but for an idea and an ideal. One of the deans put it aptly when he said that if the Interfraternity Conference had accomplished nothing else, it had made a notable contribution to education when it made it no longer fashionable in the average fraternity house to speak disdainfully of good scholarship. The scholastic records of the members are now posted on the bulletin boards of many chapter houses, and the fashion now is to point out good scholastic records and to try to explain away poor ones. Here again we may absolve the fraternity man from too much censure for his former attitude, for even college faculties wax more eloquent at football dinners at which a victorious team receives the varsity letter than they do in the award of a Phi Beta Kappa key.

We have resorted to few rules and regulations, to little discipline; we have simply tried to promulgate an idea and an ideal, and to change an attitude. And the result has been what might be expected. Each year we have made our survey, sending out to our members all reports affecting their chapters; and each year an improvement has been indicated. The second year forty-two per cent of the colleges of the country had better averages for their fraternities than for all their men; the next year forty-four per cent, then forty-eight per cent,

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and finally this year sixty per cent—the number of colleges included in the survey having grown in the meantime to one hundred and fifty-four. The composite fraternity average for the entire country started five years ago well under the line representing the composite All Men's Average of the same institutions; each year it has risen, last year it crossed the line, and this year it is even more decisively above. And this is not the work of a few fraternities. The Interfraternity Conference includes in its membership practically every well-established national fraternity in the country, seventy-one in number. Of these, thirty-nine have averages above the men's averages of their institutions, and thirty-two are below; but the lowest fraternity is less than half so far below the line as the highest is above.

The fraternity never expects to become an educational appendage to our colleges; but it does expect to become and to remain a homogeneous unit in our educational system, functioning in complete harmony with the best things that our colleges stand for. Harvard and Yale have become convinced that students will reach the highest form of self-expression when housed in small groups under the leadership of a vivid, forceful personality. The fraternity chapter is a small unit bound by all the ties that weld the student body into solidarity, and in addition by an idealism that has enriched life peculiarly for thousands of men and which has persisted long after the incidents of college life were forgotten. And recently, on a score of campuses scattered over the country, a new experiment is being made—that of bringing into chapter houses mature men of culture and of devotion to youth in the effort to create an atmosphere that will be stimulating to the eager and awaken those whom the college has not yet reached.

There is a potentiality in the fraternity group that is found nowhere else on the campus and that our college authorities would do well to utilize to its full extent. Perhaps the faculties were a little too slow to recognize this fact, and during the period of neglect fraternity men too began to believe that they were not a part of the institution so far as any responsibility for upholding its finer traditions and its more serious aims was concerned. But happily all this has passed. And now the fraternity is disseminating the doctrine that one cannot be a good fraternity man unless one is loyal to all that his college stands for—and this includes decent scholarship.

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American Loyalties

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PROFESSOR ROYCE, for many years an ornament of Harvard's brilliant department of philosophy, once wrote a little book on "Loyalty to Loyalty." Expressed in that way the topic might seem to a rigid logician rather a theme for the rhetorical development of tautologous idealism than the text and starting point of a rational deduction. And the resources of the most flourishing of twentieth-century pseudo-sciences might explain it as merely an emotional psychosis, an ebullition of war psychology. But I think, whatever the tumultuous incoherence of Professor Royce's hurried eloquence, he was more or less consciously working his way toward the presentation of a very real and pertinent issue in modern life. Among the constituents of American and indeed human life are innumerable loyalties beginning with minor group loyalties, natural or accidental, and culminating in the comprehensive loyalty to the country and supplemented by what we may call the sublimated loyalties to ideas and ideals. To determine the right attitude toward such loyalties in ourselves and others would be no small contribution to the prudence and art of life, not to offend polite and sophisticated ears by mentioning morality. The issue suggested by Professor Royce's book is: Ought we to encourage such loyalties by a presumptively sympathetic attitude toward them or should we suppress them in ourselves and others by a tone of cynical and sneering contempt. An alternative so broadly formulated does not of course preclude the exercise of discrimination in detail. A presumption in favor of sympathy rather than cynicism would not commit us personally to enthusiasm for causes which our intelligence repudiates or to contacts and intimacies that are distasteful or for which we lack the energy and the time. Some men are and others are not temperamentally good mixers, cheerleaders, organizers, joiners, greeters, lovers of insectif-

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erous Sunday-school picnics, shrill feminine high-piping five o'clock teas, chicken-salady church sociables, shoulder-slapping Rotary luncheons, plume-waving Elk parades, and all-get-together reunions of the incompatible where the muscles of unconvincing smiles are "moved by a low usurping wilfulness." The extent of everyman's active participation in these and similar manifestations of minor group loyalties is a part of his individual adjustment to life, and will not be further considered in this discussion. If we leave that personal question aside the debatable general issue which divides contemporary intellectuals is the presumptive direction of our sympathies and our influence. Are these lesser local group loyalties and the larger but still national loyalties with which they are associated good and desirable things? Or should we foster and envenom all distastes, all fastidiousnesses, all cynicisms that will help to suppress them and so clear the way for the one and only justifiable cosmopolitan loyalty to mankind and the terraqueous globe? To this question the great American people have given one answer, and the most vociferous or articulate of American intellectuals another. The path of cynicism and satire is easiest for the intellectual observer of the vast democratic American scene. The path of least resistance for an American intellectual in contemplation of our huge sprawling amorphic democracy is doubtless the way of cynicism and satire as it was for Juvenal and Lucian in second-century Rome. The spiritual discomforts of the intellectual minority in a popular democracy are a constant irritation of the nerves, and Main Street and Babbitt and the utterances of which Mr. Mencken's Americana are specimens, are tempting targets for the shafts of wit and caricature. Those who take this easiest way accuse those who refrain of hypocrisy or callous insensitiveness to the environing vulgarity. The charge of hypocrisy is one of those impugnings of motive which it is always unprofitable to discuss. But to the imputation of insensibility there is an obvious reply.

The man of educated sensibilities, whether conservative or radical, pays a big price for the blessings of democracy in widest commonalty spread. His room and his pullman berth must be overheated, his collars over-starched, his drink over-iced, his soup over-peppered, his food over-sweetened, the political oratory he hears over-eloquent, the after-dinner speeches over-humorous, his radio

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overburdened with trivial vulgarities, his college allegiance overweighted with loyalties to the football team, his Sunday newspaper over-sized, his fiction over-sexed, his religion over-theologized or sensationalized. He is compelled to spell, punctuate, and employ synonyms in subservience to the taste or caprice of type-setters and proof-readers or the quorum of the faculty. False sentiment releases bandits on parole to make the streets unsafe for him, and false sentimentality spoils the potentially glorious art of the moving pictures. He is forced to stare at hideous, blatant advertisements from Washington to New York, on the outer lake-front drive of Chicago, and on every scenic road which he is taxed to construct from Florida to California. His sleep is broken by the loud-speaker in the neighboring flat.

What differentiates the sober-minded, conservative, patriotic American is his doubt of the desirability of harping on the degeneracies of the democratic dogma and the inconveniences of its applications, unless he can see his way to the correction of some particular evil. The radical and alien critic of American civilization will not admit that a sincere intellectual and idealist may for any good reason or higher motive abstain from futile and wholesale denunciations of the inevitable weaknesses of democratic humanity and prefer to emphasize the soundness of the central American tradition and dwell on the hopeful side of contemporary American life. And in abandoning themselves to their irritation and giving the reins to their satire, these censors themselves become highly unreasonable and unfair to America. Like the expeditious European tourists who exploit us here as a lecture field and at home as a theme of satire, they see only what illustrates their thesis. They mistake for typical Americans the dumped peasants of Europe intoxicated with their new liberty. They compare London and Paris with Bird Center and Jonesville, and weigh the achievement of America not against the accomplishment of some one European nation in the last hundred years, but against the total product of five or six great peoples in five centuries. We need not labor these obvious considerations here. I only mention them in passing as an indispensable link or presupposition of the main theme and argument of the day.

This cautious approach to the subject may seem a ponderous and superfluous attempt to prove that it is not only easy but proper to

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praise Athenians at Athens, and that on this 150th anniversary we may fitly let ourselves go in exaltation of the American, the New England, the Harvard, the Phi Beta Kappa tradition. It is a point that a genuine epideictic orator would take for granted. But in the present speaker the New England conscience has taken the form of an exacerbation of dialectical scruple. He has to prove his right to his own inheritance before he dares to use it. He is temperamentally inclined to the mood of Schiller when he wrote

> Many a year have I used this nose of mine as a smeller,
> One thing worries me still, have I a provable right?

It was impossible to strike the most modest optimistic note without first taking account of the vast propaganda boring from within, thrusting from without, that seeks to belittle and destroy the American tradition in government, literature, morals, religion, and standards of life. That scruple removed, with free conscience and released from all the inhibitions of the obstructed Yankee of James's *Psychology*, we may not exactly let the eagle scream, for America is too large a theme for this brief hour, but indulge ourselves in a complacent retrospect of the New England, the Harvard, the Phi Beta Kappa tradition which on this day blend in one to our feelings, taking for granted the contribution of these lesser loyalties to the all-embracing American loyalty on which all depend.

The history of American higher education, literature, and culture, though incessantly rewritten in recent years, remains a puzzle. We do not know enough to explain the causes of the ups and downs of civilization, of the alternate depressions and elevations of cultural levels, and our appraisals are further confused by the contradictory judgments of radicals and conservatives, by sectional prejudices and class jealousies.

Professor Beard and Mr. Beck or Mr. Truslow Adams will never see eye to eye when they re-tell the story of the formation of the Constitution of the United States and the culture and motives of the generation of men who formulated and first interpreted it. Southerners and Northerners will never agree in their estimates of Poe and Longfellow or in the interpretation of the central tragedy of American history. Historians and critics who sympathize with those

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Russian anarchists who make Thoreau their gospel will never forgive Lowell's penetrating essay on their idol.

The estimate of almost any book by almost any reviewer can be foreseen by those who know his political and social opinions. No Southern and no radical critic can see any good in Barrett Wendell's *A Literary History of America*, and I have yet to read the review of a recently published three-volume history of American literature by any liberal reviewer that recognizes it for what it is, a radical pamphlet.

I cannot argue all or any of these questions here but can only submit to your judgments some of the impressions and estimates of a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa man of New England ancestry.

Despite my scepticisms as to the existence of a philosophy of history I will venture to generalize the philosophy of universal history and of American history in particular, so far as to lay it down that epochs of great literature are usually the efflorescence of periods of comparative comfort, tranquillity, and quiet growth of culture, criticism, and education. Such a period in the mid-eighteenth century bred the statesmen of the Revolution who produced that unique publicist and political literature which few other nations can match, and none at its beginning, and which ought to be substituted for much of the pseudo-scientific political and social science now taught in our colleges. We may find perhaps another such period in the second post-Revolutionary generation of New England, whose comfort and quiet prosperity is described in the travels of President Dwight, and whose culture was not only the theme of American boastfulness but attracted the surprised comment of European visitors. This was the so-called New England Renaissance which produced in turn the so-called Classical American literature of New England.

The four chief names in that literature, all but one of which are practically omitted in much-advertised recent surveys of American literature, were all either Harvard graduates or Harvard professors or both, and all, I believe, Phi Beta Kappa men. They are the aptest representatives of the tradition which we commemorate, and if the prospect of even the sketchiest resumption of so familiar a subject appals you, the blame for this repetition of commonplaces surely rests with those who are teaching the present generation to ignore or

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deny them. We are in fact rapidly approaching the point where commonplace and common sense are the greatest of paradoxes. Briefly then——

It is not necessary to maintain that Longfellow's pleasant cultured verse is absolute poetry. There is little of it in the very personal and capricious anthology of Mr. George Moore, so named. But the persistent, systematic, and propagandist denigration of Longfellow in recent criticism invites and justifies the reaffirmation of a few obvious truths or truisms. Longfellow was for a decade or two the most popular poet not only of America but of the world, as an anecdote in Colonel Higginson's admirable monograph illustrates. A contemporary critic celebrated his "Psalm of Life" as the quintessential gospel of modern progress in words which would now seem more appropriate: "To Slabs of the Sunburnt West," or "Chicago, Hog-Butcher of the World." His poetry is not only more wholesome but more intellectually profitable reading for American school children today than any American verse written since the year 1900. It is still permissible to admire such poems as "The Day is Done," "The Skeleton in Armor," the six Dante Sonnets, and the "Cross of Snow." One may still without forfeiting all claim to critical perception think "the billow that swept her crew like icicles from her deck" as finely imaginative as the fog that creeps in like a cat or the dawn that came up like thunder. One need not be a die-hard or an intellectual non-combatant to prefer even

> Dust thou art to dust returnest
> Was not spoken of the soul

to

> I dote on myself; there is such a lot of me and all so luscious.

And educated readers may like

> Peace, peace, Orestes-like I breathe this prayer
> Descend with broad-winged flight,
> The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair
> The best beloved night,

no less because Longfellow could not have written it if he had not

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known Euripides and Homer in the original; and they may even be humored in the illusion that it is quite as good as

> The bird of night soars up and up
> Above the city's casual sins.

or

> If night is beauty to you well and good
> Make songs for the owls then.

To sum up Longfellow as the errand-boy of American culture is straining very hard for a far-fetched and dear-bought epigram. Longfellow we are told was "less than Whitman because he could not feel the heart-beats of the society of which he was a part." Of what society was he or is his critic a part? If militant class-consciousness is a virtue in the illiterate, why is the faintest trace of it a vice in the educated? But to waive that social problem, the Americans of the plain people today whose hearts beat in unison with Whitman are far fewer than those who are stirred by the "Psalm of Life," "The Children's Hour," "There is a Reaper whose name is Death," "Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes," "Filled is Life's goblet to the brim," "I stood on the bridge at midnight," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "There is no flock, however watched and tended," "When she had passed it seemed as the ceasing of exquisite music."

The truth about Emerson also stares us in the face. But the critics mostly evade it in the discussion of what they deem his relation to his American environment. It is not true that he is no longer read. He was and is, without any exception in any country, the most influential writer of the nineteenth century. The flaws that critics note are compensated by greater merits. They are real but incidental, not of the essential man, and easily explained. He was a scholar in his own and in Matthew Arnold's and Pater's sense of the word, a man of fine culture derived from persistent reading of the world's best. He had not the physical energy, the books, or the curiosities of a critical scholar. He could argue and write consecutively when he pleased, as Carlyle, Nietzsche, and Gildersleeve could. He did not often please, because he was too impatient of the labor of accuracy in detail, be-

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cause as a popular lecturer he found that the only use of the plot was to bring in the good things, and because his writings were composed of his lectures insufficiently revised. But the man and thinker Emerson was not incoherent, was not irrational, not mystic or muddled. He was a positivist and pragmatist, a student of Plato who realized that the human soul and his all too human audiences and he himself could not endure unmitigated positivism, and that therefore men must have something more in words certainly and perhaps in fact. And he indulged himself and his audiences in idealistic language, optimism, epigram, and symbolism. But when he chose, when he had not mixed his notes or shuffled his manuscripts, he thought straight and hit the nail with incomparable emphasis unerringly on the head. His dominant passions were the emulous pursuit of culture and an intense ambition for success as an orator. He sought to attain both by incessant reading of the world's best literature and excerpting of the finest sentences which he used or plagiarized or blended with his own successes without any scruple and to the utter confusion of his critics even today. The triumphant result was that he has been more quoted and more widely influential than any other writer of his age. There is no time to illustrate this statistically ascertainable and certain fact, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the extent of that influence. One would have to paraphrase the opening sentences of his essay on Plato. All liberal American preaching is Emerson when it is not Matthew Arnold or both. The evolutionary optimism and the comparative vivacity of Herbert Spencer's earlier style are directly derived from Emerson. His essays put Tyndall into his German bath at seven o'clock in the morning. He was a main inspiration of Matthew Arnold. Scores of American books are developments of paragraphs or sentences of Emerson. James's *Psychology*, the most influential book of the first two decades of the twentieth century, owes rather more to him than to its supposedly scientific sources. All the ideas and much of the phrasing of Walt Whitman are bits of Emersonian rhetoric. The catalogue is endless.

The older generation would wearily admit the exceeding cleverness and versatility of Holmes. They know that anyone who takes down one of the Breakfast-Table books to verify a reference will read on, that the medicated novels were once greatly relished and are

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still not unreadable, that the occasional poems (Holmes reminds us that Pindar's Odes were occasional poems) are models of their kind, and that three or four of the best poems in other kinds are still in all men's memories. They know that these and some volumes of pregnant essays were the avocations of a distinguished teacher of the science of medicine who introduced reforms that saved many lives and disseminated ideas that are still fruitful. But we dismiss it all as the fireworks of a lively talent of the kind that every generation mistakes for genius. We hardly realize how unique was the combination of Holmes's qualities, how difficult it would be to match him with any European of his or our generation, how wide and penetrating his influence. He is at once one of the chief sources of James's psychology and of more than was acknowledged of the wit of Mark Twain. He is quite as witty as Mr. Bernard Shaw and Anatole France together and he never was driven to seek his effects in the salacious innuendo that is the main resource of France or in the trick of reversing common sense and common decency which is the chief reliance of Shaw. If his novels are inferior to the two or three best of France's, his poetry is very much better. And he is not only saner but far more widely intelligent and fertile in ideas than Shaw and France combined. It would be interesting to compare his good things with that compendium of the wisdom of France, *Le Jardin d'Épicure*, or to note some of his anticipations of what we fancy are distinctively twentieth-century ideas.

We may dwell a little longer on Lowell because he is one of my personal loyalties and ought to be that of every Harvard man and because as the victim of a virulent partisan criticism he has fallen into undue neglect and finally because he is a test case for the two opposing ideals of the American cultural tradition. I had the good fortune to study for a year with Lowell in that little Harvard of the seventies which the gigantic intellect of Henry Adams disdained but which overfitted me for the universities of Germany. There are memoirs which state that Lowell was not a good teacher. I do not know how good a teacher he seemed to be for the football men who elected "Italian 1" as least likely to interfere with their more serious pursuits and after three or four years found themselves trying to construe Dante under his pathetically resigned eyes. But to me and my class-

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mate Dr. Philip Coombs Knapp he was one of the determining inspirations of life. I have heard it said that he was a snob, perhaps because the British liked him in spite of or because of his pugnacious Americanism and his essay on "A Certain Condescension" which apologetic or inferiority-perplexed Americans ought to reread every year. It was a very peculiar type of snob that welcomed to his beautiful home and library a badly dressed and rather sickly grind from the Middle West who roomed in College House, and that received with unassuming courtesy that same student three or four years later when he ventured to call at the office of the American Embassy in London. Radical critics cannot pardon him his essay on Thoreau. Reread that essay and you will find that, allowance made for a human ambition to prove himself as accurate an observer of nature as Thoreau which in fact he was, it is an absolutely sane and definitive estimate, a much needed corrective of present day exaggeration.

The slavery issue made temporary radicals not only of Whittier but of many sincere and sober moralists who may be pardoned for not foreseeing the consequences of the impatience that would not allow them to tarry the leisure of the Lord. And for a year or two Lowell was drawn by that and by love into the fellowship of the fanatics who baited the South into a mood that made her the easy victim of her own fire-eaters, and brought about the calamity which we can still only hope was not the destruction of the American tradition. During this period Lowell supplied all future radicals with two or three of their most frequently quoted poetical texts. The contrast between this radical rhetoric and the sober judgment of his maturity caused him to be regarded as a renegade and has made him the victim of a criticism no less irrational and unfair than the radical denunciations of Webster.

A further count of the indictment is that he was a second-rate poet. How many of the more than a thousand contemporary poets of whom current criticism speaks respectfully are first-rate poets. His poetry is at the most one-fourth of the claims of the scholar, teacher, essayist, wit, publicist, diplomat to a place in American literature and perhaps it is or ought to be difficult for a Harvard man to appraise judicially the commemoration ode or for a loyal American to read in cold blood the tribute to Lincoln or the conciliatory verses to the Virginia that gave us Washington. I am not trying to argue that

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Lowell's sometimes charming, sometimes eloquent verse is that absolute poetry of which we hear so much and of which any one generation produces so little. But if our President would appoint a teller to collect from the memories of this audience the verses of American poets that still linger there, it is a safe conjecture that not only Longfellow but Lowell who was so much more than a poet would far lead that prophet of democracy Whitman who supplies so many texts for declamatory criticism and so few verses that our memories do not willingly let die. And speaking of democracy, a brilliant American critic lays it down that for all his chatter about democracy Lowell was no true democrat and did not understand the meaning of the word. By "chatter" the critic must mean Lowell's appreciation of Lincoln and his Birmingham address "On Democracy." Reread it and you will find that it is very nearly the richest and ripest utterance on the subject in modern literature—unless—unless by democracy the critic means the use of the ballot while waiting for the bomb as a weapon to enforce a levelling so-called economic and cultural democracy. If he really means that and is not merely talking irresponsible rhetoric, he is on the other side of the barricade and I am not speaking to him but to those who fail to realize the issue which the habitual use of that kind of language in recent American criticism presents.

For these and other no more valid reasons Lowell's fame has undergone a temporary obscuration. In the Berlin of 1913 the name of Lowell was known and honored, but James Russell Lowell was unknown, save to the head of the department of English literature, who said that he found him too hard to read. "Too hard" meant that his prose was too widely allusive and too rich in beautiful and apt but distracting metaphor. Lowell was, as he himself said, almost the last of the great readers. Though, as a modern critic naïvely deplores, he did nothing to revise the traditional estimate of Shakespeare, he was in sheer knowledge and extent of literary scholarship better equipped for the critic's task than Saint-Beuve or Matthew Arnold or George Brandes. And the irrepressible overflows of this knowledge, the richness of his vocabulary, and the prodigality of his imagery offend critics of the levelling school and puzzle readers who think that the skilful construction and effective rendition of *Mourning Becomes Electra* bring its flat, trivial, drab, unraised, colloquial

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dialogue within the range of reasonable comparison with the splendor and imaginative magnificence of diction of the Æschylean version of the story.

I suppose the answer of this audience may be that we are a little tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just," and that whatever may be their merits, we cannot go on reading Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell forever. That would be a telling retort, but does not touch the point. Individuals will regulate their own reading as taste and curiosity may determine. It is a question of emphasis and ideals in education, literary criticism and the guidance of public opinion—of the things which these writers represent rather than of the slavish imitation of their writings. Many contemporaries may feel that they have exhausted for the time the suggestiveness of the so-called American classics for themselves. But that kind of depression of the intellectual market by saturation does not last long. Bryn Mawr, when I was there, swore by (a figure of speech; Bryn Mawr girls did not then swear)—let us say, was devoted to Matthew Arnold. But a few years ago I quoted one of his best-known things to an audience of Bryn Mawr alumnæ and next day received letters asking where I had found that beautiful modern poem. One of the leading literary weeklies of the intelligentsia, stumbling upon one of the later poems of Tennyson, was misled into praising it as a typical example of the twentieth-century betterment of Victorianism. Quotations from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" dropped into the bottomless profundities of the graduate student's mind are as splashless as references to the Bible or Shakespeare. You may already quote "Locksley Hall" with impunity in a Commencement address. Three successive presidents of the United States won credit for epigrammatic originality by verbatim quotations from Emerson. And a lecturer or after-dinner speaker today need go to no more recondite sources than Holmes's Breakfast-Table books to win a reputation as a wit. The satieties of familiarity pass as rapidly as the prepossessions of fashion, and leave culture free to judge all books on their merits, and not by their dates.

But once more, nobody proposes to dictate the mature reader's choice of reading. The question I submit to you is whether those who think so shall have the courage to unite in saying that the high cul-

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ture, the sobriety, the common sense, the patriotism, the decency, the sober optimism of Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell and their immediate disciples, while we are waiting for something greater, more nearly represent the true American tradition and ideal than do the wilfulness, the incoherence, the inconsequences, and the fitful flashes of genius of Thoreau, Melville, Whitman, Mark Twain, or the trivial vocabulary, the pseudo-science, the Freudism, the anti-patriotic bias, the affected cosmopolitanism, the thumb-sucking *Weltschmerz*, the sex-obsession, the un-American tragedies, of the spokesmen of the generation at the second remove from the older culture. There is undoubtedly a solid core of conservative, not to say fundamentalist, resistance among the still surviving masses of the older population. But those who might be expected to have the courage of their conservative sentiments among the educated seem to be thoroughly cowed by the vociferous iterations of radical critics. The situation may almost be described in a paraphrase of Plato's satire of the ultimate Athenian democracy: Parents are afraid to contradict the literary judgments of children lest they be called back numbers. College lecturers "can the highbrow stuff" in deference to the tastes of their freshmen auditors. Editors of supposedly conservative journals are afraid to close their columns to the most extravagant radical propagandists and book reviewers, with the result that there is no consistent organ of intelligent conservative opinion in the country.

University executives are so confused about the distinction between the suppression of freedom of speech by the police and the exercise of a justifiable discretion in withholding active support to destructive propagandists that they think themselves morally obliged to offer platforms even of endowed universities to any subversive orator who wishes to use them as his soap-box.

And I, having no ambitions, and protected by obscurity, am almost the only lecturer in the country that ventures to talk in this strain. Since Harvard has now a flourishing school of business I shall perhaps be understood if I sum it up by saying that the high-pressure salesmanship of radical propagandists has overpowered the sales resistance of educated conservatives, if not in the casting of their votes, in respect of their speech habits, their rhetoric, their conversation, their literary judgments, and their supine acquiescence in educa-

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tional and social policies which their sober second thought cannot possibly approve. And speaking solely to these I urge a more strenuous and consistent loyalty to their own inner ideals.

It cannot be that all intellectual and academic Americans are as recklessly radical today as the tone and temper of their conversation would indicate. It is a fashion in which they think it as safe to indulge themselves as it is to bring up a whole generation of youth on the writings of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw, to come no nearer home. There must be a considerable minority at least who realize that no civilization can with impunity persist in making a mock of all the foundations on which it rests, religion, morality, decency, economic experience, its inheritance in language, literature, and art, and the loyalties of the patriotism that is indispensable to any practicable, stable government of that most ungovernable of animals, man. And if there are any who feel in this way, why should they let themselves be silenced by the fear of epigram or the bravadoes of pseudo-science? Let them speak out and define issues to be determined by experience and the common sense of the fifty-one per cent of sane mankind. This general admonition is especially pertinent to Americans.

We are letting ourselves be bluffed out of our senses and out of our legitimate pride in our spiritual inheritance by European critics and school-boys who cross the Atlantic to prove to us that the European indictment of American culture is justified; by the weekly reviewers who take Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Upton Sinclair seriously as pioneers of a new emancipated and Europeanized development in American literature; by Russian immigrants who three days after emerging from Castle Garden write to the papers their impressions of the deficiencies of American literature still dominated by the superstition of the sovereignty of ethics; by dainty imperfectly assimilated professional colleagues who explain to Europe how that the narrow provincial intellects of a Lowell, a Norton, a James, a Royce were unable even when emancipated from theology to escape from the moralistic shadow of the cathedral into the sunlight of the completely released mind; by American novelists who can see nothing in American life but Main Street and Dayton, Tennessee; by novelists of more Oriental affiliations who tell us how sexually inept we are and that our strain is bred out and our madams will give their bodies

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to the sturdy thighs of Polacks to repeople England (but no, I am not quoting Shakespeare; I mean New England) again; by three-volume radical pamphlets masquerading as histories of American literature that play up Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, and Poe, satirize Longfellow, misinterpret Emerson, dismiss Holmes with a paragraph, and omit Lowell altogether and devote a monstrously disproportionate space to imitations of decadent European literature in the last thirty years.

Virgil's melancholy lines comparing the course of degeneration in nature to a stream whose current sweeps away the oarsman who relaxes for a moment may be a reminiscence of Lucretius' *Vis abdita quaedam* unconsciously paraphrased in Melville's Malignity that was in the beginning. Our sturdy optimism trusts the resources of modern science to combat and overcome this tendency in nature if it exists. But we are not so sure of the tendencies in human nature which are more than sufficiently emphasized by a recent school of writers whose pessimism extends to everything in the world and in America except their own immortal productions.

To waive these metaphysics the tendency is an observed fact in the history of culture and scholarship. Every cultural height achieved must be maintained by strenuous and unremitting effort. This universal law of history which I need not take time to illustrate by a survey of the ages is especially apparent in democratic societies. Every standard raised to which not only the good and the wise, but the cultured and the scholarly may repair, becomes at once the center of as fierce a conflict as ever raged about the standard-bearing carroccios of Medieval and Renaissance Italy.

I have not much sympathy with the stereotyped Jeremiads of misunderstood and unappreciated intellectuals who seek refuge on the left bank of the Seine from the vulgarity of democracy and the machine age in democratic America.

But it is a plain fact that the majority of intellectual workers have to keep the home fires of enthusiasm burning in a chilling atmosphere of the indifference or contempt of a populace that wishes to be amused and of shrewd gentlemen who know how to entertain them. Writers of detective stories and those representatives of science who may be expected to give us brighter electric lights or better and louder radios may be an exception. But the intellectual work-

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ers who have nothing to commend them but their devotion to ideals and standards, their disinterested pursuit of truth must struggle for survival in the blight of an unsympathetic if not positively hostile environment. They need such reunions as this to remind them that, though singly unimportant, collectively they may form a by no means insignificant compact and organized minority. This is Matthew Arnold's doctrine of the remnant which he thought especially applicable to America because America is so huge that the remnant however dispersed is large enough to constitute a force to be reckoned with when united and organized.

Political democracy is a fundamental postulate of America which nobody calls in question. But the envious and levelling spirit has always tried to use political democracy as a weapon to enforce and establish what it calls economic and cultural democracy. It was so in the last century of Athenian liberty when rich men pleaded to juries that if their property were not immediately confiscated the state in the end would have more profit of it, and when it scored a point against a litigant to sneer that he plumed himself on being a Harvard man, a pupil of Isocrates or of Plato's Academy. Soviet Russia adopted the simpler, more direct, and expeditious method of decapitating the national intelligence trusting that the innocence of the United States would supply the experts and the capital needed for overthrowing her own institutions.

The great good-natured prosperous democracy of America works less consciously towards the levelling down of all invidious distinctions in education and literature by creating an atmosphere in which they cannot survive. Any plea for the maintenance of cultural and educational standards somehow, somewhere, however courteously and timidly expressed is drowned in a roar of journalistic ridicule and contumely from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

This is perhaps the reason for what would else be inexplicable, the persistent jibing disparagement of the study of the world's most beautiful language and literature and its most instructive civilization so long after required classics have ceased to be a grievance to any student. Universities that prescribe a year's study of the pseudo-science of education as a prerequisite of permission to teach in any school arrange a curriculum that not only does not prescribe the clas-

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sics for any degree but that does not allow students who desire it to obtain what used to be called a classical education.

The classics and the study of the classics however imperfectly managed are felt to be an assertion of undemocratic superiority, a standing challenge to complacent mediocrity and to the abolition of standards in everything except technical education. This and not the memory of gerund-grinding in youth is the real reason why the present generation of journalists, novelists, and professors of education maintain a venomous and persistent propaganda of contempt for the most beautiful and rational part of our heritage from the past, though all possible excuses for that attitude of mind have long since been banished from school and college.

But I am not here to deliver an oration *pro domo*. The classics are merely a type, an example, a symbol of the moral that I leave to your own reflections. Some years ago I warned the teachers of modern languages that they could not safely employ the popular shibboleth, "useless studies," as a weapon to diminish the place of classics in the curriculum.

The public and the schools of education would not draw their distinction between Burke and Cicero, between Molière and Aristophanes; they were all alike dead. I might have extended my prophecy to mathematics and the physical sciences. Every subject the propagandists of the humanization of culture openly proclaim must meet the challenge to prove its usefulness now and here—prove it to popular audiences and to the psychologists of the science of education. That principle will carry us far indeed. The physical sciences seem to be securely entrenched. But I note a certain uneasiness and anxiety in the frequency with which the most eloquent spokesmen of science keep warning the public that science itself is the disinterested pursuit of truth and must not be hampered either in education or research by narrow utilitarian restrictions. They are perhaps beginning to perceive that the appeal to the two tests of popularity and utility raises a spirit which is not so easy to conjure down—a temper that if left unchecked is fatal to all intellectual disinterestedness, to all distinction, to all discipline, to all ideals. They are so to speak lighthouses that stand or fall together in the rush and tide of democracy.

But I seem to hear the question, The concernancy, sir? What has

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all this to do with the 150th anniversary of Phi Beta Kappa?—I had almost said, forgetting that Harvard came four or five years too late to claim the honors of primacy and invention. But speaking at Athens to Athenians I may venture to repeat Plato's boast that whatever the Greeks take over from the barbarians they better in the end. Whatever may have been the first social and political significance of this particular Greek-letter society, it has become the symbol of an ideal and a faith—an annual gesture which Harvard repeats with more solemnity and unction than any other university in the land. It is not to hear the little that we speakers can say that you have stolen a morning from your affairs, but to renew that gesture and reaffirm that faith.

If the peculiar and unique American institution, Phi Beta Kappa, still retains any significance, it must mean something more than a theme of vaguely idealistic academic oratory. It must mean specifically the defense and maintenance of the standards of traditional culture and scholarship in a world dominated—rightly dominated perhaps—by the different values of science, industrialism, and the zest of novelty. These are excellent things; but there is ample provision for their survival, their exploitation, their advertisement, their predominance. Science has captured the imaginations of all men and holds the world in fee by its practical applications. A society parallel to Phi Beta Kappa represents it in the college. Industrialism is the very framework of our civilization and will take care of itself. The merits of the best sellers of the day, the week, and the month, are in no danger of being overlooked. They flame from every publisher's blurb and are proclaimed by literary reviews that lavish more superfluous superlatives on the productions of a decade than are due to all the select and garnered stores of the centuries. But culture and scholarship have no such universality of appeal, and despite the endowments and the libraries they will be swept away by the levelling tide of a jealous or indifferent democracy unless the remnant who care for these things perpetually rally to the rescue.

In this unceasing conflict Harvard has always known how to keep her standard from the dust, not by mere oppugnancy to all innovation, but by a harmony of opposites elsewhere found irreconcilable. Not hers the tribute paid to Oxford of being more behind the times than any other institution in the country; no last enchantments of the

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Middle Ages whisper about her red bricks; she has always contrived to be the first by whom the new is tried, without ever laying aside what is best in the old. It was a Harvard professor whose name is now a byword for philosophical Bourbonism, who initiated me into Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann at a time when they had not been staled by translation or plagiarism. Undisconcerted by any amount of embarrassing experience with too venturesome ducklings, Harvard has always welcomed to her nest and sometimes to her chairs explosive European exiles of every race, creed, and previous condition of inhibition.

Like the "University of Wisohoma" Harvard has a school of education, a school of commerce, and everything handsome and all up-to-date improvements about her. Her *licentia docendi* is based on one question only: Do you know something, and can you teach it in civilized and literate language? But that as interpreted by Harvard has been enough to ensure the continuity of the tradition of scholarship, culture, and leadership in humane letters. It stirs the blood to recite in memory the list of Harvard poets, and orators in accomplishment or by courtesy, who have spoken from this platform or on this campus, and to visualize the grave and thoughtful audiences that have assembled to hear them or to do honor to the day. And now we, ephemeral embodiments of the soul of Harvard, their spiritual sons, sit where Nestor and Nestor's grandsires used to sit and in turn have our little glimpse of the might of the golden sun. The bearers of the torch who throng to the jubilees of her centennials, her sesquicentennials, bicentennials, and that tercentennial which I shall hardly see, come and go, but Harvard abides. And with her abides not only the large democratic hope of putting a chicken in every workman's pot, a radio in his sitting-room, and a Ford in his garage, but the undying faith that these admirable things are not quite enough. It is of necessity, the quaint scholastic put it, that there always be some philosophers in the human race—some who hitch their wagons to the stars, some who steer their course and guide their lives by the love of wisdom, truth, and beauty for their own sakes in scorn of consequence and regardless of the flesh-pots.

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The Three Pharaohs

HERMANN HAGEDORN

I

THE city of spires has become a city of walls.
How darkly here the pagan pylons rise,
Terrace on terrace, massive, menacing,
Against the bright intrusion of the day.
Within, black corridors of grated doors
Pierce the cold splendor; in black sanctuaries,
With bell and incense, glittering hierarchies
Exalt the god who wears the vulture's head.
From golden bowls on golden altars steams
The crimson token of young sacrifice.
Pharaoh should sit here carved in black basalt.

Pharaoh should come from the bleak mockery
Of a sepultured throne and painted viands,
Here to review these dark and broken hosts
That down this valley of granite flow to the marshes,
The quagmire, the last, drear destination of waste.
These too, these too, have built a pyramid!—
Wrestled with earth, fought singly sun and storm,
Moved mountains, sweated in the stifling air
Of subterranean galleries, become
Wives, husbands, closer than all carnal mates,
Of the rapacious and enveloping,
The lustful, the importunate Thing that rides
The continents and isles of all the seas;
Endured the suffocation of the heart's
Primrose and violet, the sulphur-death
Of color and fragrance, the black transmutation
Of the responsive web of spirit and blood
To gears and dies and belts and levers; all
To build a pyramid of plenty

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And faint with hunger at its base.
Oh, stinging jest, Pharaoh, for buried kings!

II

How like a river, black, impersonal,
The dumb discarded move. These are my kin.
This flesh is my flesh; my blood fills these veins.
These are myself, brain, sinew, heart and spirit,
Fed on the same high legendry, set quivering
By the same songs, exulting in the beauty
And treasure and outspread acres of the same home;
Remembering the same hill against a sunrise
Where youth, ardent and tremulous with dreams,
Heard all the bugles of the opening day
Proclaim his kingship. In those beaten shapes
Am I and all my hopes; in those dull eyes
The splendid passion of a nation dies;
On those gray lips her noblest yesterdays
Out of a grim and granite silence speak.

What are you saying, patriot? What are you saying, pioneer?
Orator, so the phrases were more than rhetoric?
Ploughmen and musketmen, dreamers and high builders,
What are you calling through the fog that hides you,
Calling to us? The night is filled with pitiful
Echoes of resonant words and deep-toned bells.
What stuff is this, dreamer, of "unalienable rights"—
"Life . . . the pursuit of happiness . . . liberty"?
Who dares here—man or ghost—to wake the fire-gongs
Of Pharaoh with the old beloved word?
Drums, drums! What echoes of old clamor
Beat back and forth between these walls and cry
Like prophets dead and even in death impassioned?
Drums, drums of yesterday, drums, drums, be loud!
Not unaccompanied these millions move
To a dark destiny. Freedom and all her dead
Escort them, with bowed heads!

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III

Lo, in our noonday, have we forgotten the morning?
How brightly burned through storm and battle and night
Our beacon-fires; how grandly stood the brave!
High word, that kindled beacons, kindled hearts,
Is the great torch burnt out and are you ashes?
Down this dark chasm something more than men
Flows to the waste-pits. Our fathers saw majestic
Visions that shook the world; above the sordid
Roof-tops of huddled habitations they fashioned
Cities to be, where men, free of the master,
Might master themselves in ample, untrammeled living.
Here in this darkness no shaft of an ancient radiance
Falls on these bowed heads, or wakes in these eyes
The answering gleam. Only through thunder at intervals
Flashes a lurid fire.

Over this river,
Dark and slow-moving, I bend, and see myself,
Look in my own eyes, catch the ironic curling
Of my own lips. Let us be done with shams,
You that stare up at me, you that am I.
Our fathers fought for freedom, and were free;
Lords of their farms, their cattle, lords of their lives,
To cherish or to waste. Who calls us free? —
These who flow down between walls through darkness to desolation,
Or me, who watch their passage, secure of my roof and my bread,
Yet am faint, too, with hunger, shivering too from cold.
Though I have farms, though I have cattle grazing
In pastures, clover-grown; though I have prairies
Glowing with wheat and under nurturing
Southern heavens my broad plantations are white;
Though, amid clamoring engin'ry, bondmen
Unnumbered toil to generate for me the freeman's
Power to say, "This will I do" and "Thither is my road";
Though I send laden ships to the world's end,
I am a slave and deal with slaves: I labor,

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And on his throne a Pharaoh tears to bits
The proud account and gives it to the wind.

Exiles of hope, interminable sequence
Of guiltless men condemned, what despot
Is this we have fashioned, what captivity
Is this we have laid on our bodies, pressed down
Upon our spirits? By what impenetrable
Design or baffling concatenation of adversaries,
Have here the heart of man, the heart of the mountain,
In dark collaboration with the untamable
Ether, achieved a creation enslaving its creators?
Over man's towers it towers; broods by his bed;
Evokes from his hearthfire phantasms; cries in his ear
Fears; sweeps with a sooty pinion the iridescent
Ambition, flings in young eyes the polluted
Dust of the market-place. Laborers let fall
Their implements and cry out, seeing it pace gigantically
Prairie and bottom-land, laying a curse on fertility,
As once Another spoke malediction to barrenness.

Drums! Through the dark it comes, black as dead hope,
Stalking between walls, higher than walls; cyclopean.
"Liberty is waste. The wheels must turn, the wheels
Must turn, must turn, the wheels must turn the wheels.
I do not need free men. I need wheels, wheels.
Free men feel, and the wheels run slowly,
Free men think and the wheels run wild.
Men must be wheels, great wheels, little wheels.
I have oil for them all. The wheels shall run smooth as water.
They shall all have oil. But I will have nothing but wheels."

Oh, dark rejected, what iron-thewed and inane
Monster possesses us? Once more the clangor
Booms from the depths and in a thousand icy
Caverns hangs, pulsating: "Liberty is waste!
There must be no free men!"

"Enslaved, enslaved!"

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IV

Drums!
Out of the shuddering ground,
Incarnate wrath, unbound,
To ravage and subdue,
What new
Titan comes,
With drums,
Captaining pandemonium's
Clawing fingers and jutting thumbs?
Over this river, this river of lamentation,
What monstrous shape in scarlet leads wind-driven
Furies to fierce contention with the stars,
Laughing? Their laughter against the battlements
Breaks like strong rams. The air freezes with their derision.

"Ironic face, what are you?"

"I am the ancient
Answer of time to despots, the consuming
Answer of beaten spirits to the lash."

"Turn back, destroyer, the free shall answer here.
Though the last arm be fettered, yet the free
Shall answer; from the grave shall they respond.
Together, dead and living, shall they respond.
For the dead shall rise in the living, the dead shall rise
And there shall be no despot, and no lash."

Hark, how the laughter of the scarlet hordes
Rings up the dismal chasm and like a storm
Roils the dark river. It shakes the walls, it shakes
The proud walls like the sliding of subterranean
Planes, even the deep walls, the walls beneath the walls.
"The free, dreamer? Who are the free?" Once more
The laughter, as of rocks feeling their strength.

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"Are you shaking the house of the fathers, Pharaoh in scarlet?
Laugh, prophet and scourge! Shake what you can!
Shake down what is crazily builded, shake down
What is set in morass! The defective steel
Shake down, scoffer, make crumble the weak cement.
Be a strong gale of scorn. Laugh down the rotten
Rafter, the worm-eaten joist, the corner-post not plumb!
We will build deeper foundations, supports
More durable, roof-trees of sounder timber."

"Your corner-posts are words, your girders are smoke,
Your house is a palace of foam set in a mirage.
You shall build houses for me of rocks and trees.
You shall have meat. You shall have roofs to cover you.
In hovels, unfed, no more the flesh of your flesh
Shall cast piteous eyes upon your empty
And unavailing hands. The rushing waters
Shall be your servants and the animate air
Shall on you wait."

"Get thee behind me, tempter!"

"You shall find self, forsaking self; find rapture,
Relinquishing desire; losing the one,
Achieve the glory of the many, made one."

"Seductive spirit, what of the prison-wall?
What of the whip, the whip across the sky?"

"Fool, fool, the streets shall be so smooth and shining,
So neatly patterned, path and sod and flower,
Your downward-staring eyes will never see
The prison-wall, the whip across the sky."

"Pharaoh in scarlet, we are not made for walls,
Though they enclose a perfumed paradise.
We are not made for hobbles or for blinders.
This is the glory of the free, this is their strength,

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And in this sign they conquer: that no ribbon
Cover the eyes, no iron band compress
The expanding brain, no net hold to the ordered
Highways of earth, the wild, wind-hungry pinions.
This is the glory of the free, that they may soar,
And, soaring, face—beyond the fogs, the gales,
The earth's enveloping vestment, the far void—
At last the fire of fires and all the stars."

"Slave of a dream! What are the stars to you?
I have the answer of the heights and deeps.
Man is a cog. Gleaming, sharp-edged, precise,
He moves another cog; sharp-edged, precise,
Yet a third cog moves him. He turns, they turn.
A thousand cogs, harmonious, each in another
Thrust, and revolving in far areas
Unquestioningly unseen hierarchies
Of cogs, revolving other hierarchies
Beyond, into the faint infinitudes
Of space and time, revolving and revolving
Cogs to immaculate and measured ends,
Remotely planned: This, this is the new earth,
And this is the new heaven!"

"Prophet of death!
There is a fire in man, a fire, whose sparks
Forever seek their kindred. They ascend,
As the stone falls, by laws beyond the will's
Propulsion or intent, escape their prisons,
Ascend; through storms, ascend."

"Liberty is sin!
There must be no free men." Hark, how the hollow
Doom-chambers of the vulture-headed god
Send thundering forth the fierce and brazen-tongued
Antiphonal: "There must be no free men!"

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V

Oh comrades, flowing darkly to the marshes,
Oh, ever-widening, ever swifter river,
Must we be tossed forever and forever
Between the sable and the scarlet Pharaoh?
Is there no choosing, save a choice of yokes?
Silence. Between overwhelming walls, the unending
Cortege of the famished, the pitiful empty-handed
Sons and daughters of freedom, moves through prodigious
Silence, down slow slopes to unbounded marshes.

VI

Look! What lights
In the night's
Palpitant gloom
Break
And bloom?
What bells
Shake
Silver spells
In the white wake
Of doom?
Will-o'-the-wisp and all his sprites
Are out with cymbals and out with lights!
"Who croaks,
Who?
Of yokes?
Spring gives, autumn burns.
All that lives, goes, returns!
Why
Borrow sorrow?
What is a chain?
Ai-e-e!
Tomorrow
You dance again!"
Will-o'-the-wisp with flute and bell
Pipes to the river, "All is well!
Let mopes complain

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Their arid hour!
Tomorrow again
The golden shower!"

God in the darkness, God behind the night!
Unnamable, whom we forever name
And, naming, flee from, seeking still thy face,
Obliterate or purge us! For tomorrow,
Again, we shall be dancing in the streets,
Naked, delirious, with passion faint,
After long drought feeling the golden rain.
How we shall kneel and, gloating, pour the golden
Mire on our heads, too rapt almost to breathe,
Feeling it flow over the temples and, burning,
Push down the eyelids and press shut the lips.
As to a dear beloved's kiss, our breasts
Shall burn to the descending flow; our hearts
Shall be so hot with welcome that no sense
Shall stir and cry the warning, This is Death.

What animate Greed holds governance in our hearts?
Father of life, lay bare to our bewildered
Gaze, the misrule within. Before the eternal
Mirror, Creator and Avenger, before
The bright, the appalling glass, as the wind sweeps
The wasted leaves, sweep us! In that relentless
Shining, let us behold that which we are!—
Averting not our eyes though what we see,
Each in the hollow throne-room of his heart,
Be one more Pharaoh, harshest of them all,
Driving with whips to cold and desolate marshes
Bright hungers, winged with flame. Make us aware
What rules our darkness! Let us face at last
The obdurate, ultimate Pharaoh, within, within!

VII

Fires, fires,
In the heart!

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And white fires, high,
Afar!
What sparks dart
From the fettered heart
At the flaming cry
Of the star!
Ancestral hunger burning
Up to the fiery crier!
Hark, the roar of returning
Fire to mother-fire!

Oh, bright, bright wings,
That sweep
In dazzling rings
The baffling deep!—
Earth came
From high among
Your silver throng,
A whorl of sparks,
A flame,
Through ancient dark's
Ordered disorder hurled;
Convulsed and torn,
A chaos, born
To be a world.
Under your gaze,
Resplendent company,
Her children, we,
Through slough and slime,
For æons of black days,
Blindly burrowed ways
Home toward the sublime;
Hungry for space and fire,
Doomed to ice and bars,
Troubled, even in the mire,
By dreams of stars.

Our spirits were born of impatience with the dust.

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Ever the starry choir enchantment sings
To mortals in their chains. The Pleiades,
That dance on high, in measured rhythm weave
In and out of mundane dreams, making the pulses throb.
The whirling planet calls to the whirling atom.
Spellbound among stars the tremulous mind
Hangs, hearing the universes one to another
Chant the new name of God. . . .

The infinite is a harp of many strings
Where unseen fingers strike unendingly
Majestic chords; to which the kingliest
Of all the hosts of heaven and the least
Of all the sons of men alike give answer,
Trembling in wonder into heavenly sound.

We are not made for fetters and the mire!

The World and the Scholar

JOSEPH H. BEALE
Harvard Law School

AN age of machines in the West, an age of exploitation of men in masses in the East; men of consummate ability in charge of these machines and these masses; confronting one another, a people highly educated and an uneducated proletariat; an impending struggle for supremacy between the two systems—this is the stage on which the world-drama of the next half-century is to be played. We are pledged to the creed that the love of learning is the helmsman of life; can philosophy guide us to success in the coming struggle?

James T. Austin delivered an oration to the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on "The Duties of Men of Education" in which he described the development of reason as the scholar's task and asserted that an educated mind, through reason, would bring human happi-

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ness. The value of education, he said, consists in the ability to discover, to propound, and to ascertain truth; and this can be carried on by the study of scholars in the language and thought of the past, in the academic isolation of the University. He ended with this eloquent peroration:

"Scientific discoveries, literary improvements, the advance of arts, the embellishment of taste, national wealth, legislation, jurisprudence, political economy, glorious as they are, splendid as they appear to be in the pages of history, are but means to a high and ultimate object—valueless and worthless but as they advance the intellectual and moral power of mankind; and this intellectual and moral power is itself but an instrument to promote individual, and by extension, universal happiness; and this happiness, which seems secured by human effort, is the ultimate tendency of the good providence of God. The obstacle to this natural destiny of man is not depravity but ignorance. . . .

"It is the duty of educated men not only rightly to understand the nature of the human mind, but practically to use their knowledge for the advancement of the great interests of mankind."

The task of the scholar, therefore, as it appeared to the orator of one hundred years ago, was to become perfected by reason in intellectual and moral power, and thus attain happiness.

In Austin's audience in 1831 sat a young man who the day before had taken his bachelor's degree; Wendell Phillips, soon to become one of the most eloquent of that band of orators inspired by the effort to abolish slavery. Fifty years later, at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Society, Wendell Phillips delivered the oration.

Wendell Phillips, the orator, was graduated from Harvard College, eighth in his class, in 1831, and from the Law School in 1834. He did not practice his profession, but having money enough to make that unnecessary he devoted himself to furthering public causes. He was one of the progressives of his day, always at odds with men of his own family and tradition, an eloquent supporter of the abolition of slavery, of woman suffrage, and of the other "causes" of the day. He was tall, spare, and gray, with beetling brow and piercing eye, a modern knight whose spear was his eloquence. His subject was "The Scholar in a Republic." It was an eloquent and scathing indictment of

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the scholar who lived a life apart, divorced from the real interests of the country; interested only in the learning of the cloister, and not in the affairs of real life.

Austin saw scholars as the favored few, a separate class, training their minds to reason and applying that reason to what he called the liberalization of religion. To him matter was still the antithesis of mind, and the scholar a man set apart from the multitude of his unthinking fellows. And what was the scholarship of which he spoke? A glance at a University catalogue of the time shows its limits. The classics alone were adequately presented, and they only through the process of mechanical translation. Of mathematics there was only a smattering. History, philosophy, and science were recited from elementary school books. Everything was divorced from life either because of its subject-matter or by its method of presentation. Even in the professional schools the reading of secondary sources was thought sufficient; but professional study was not then regarded as true scholarship and professional students were not yet admitted to the fellowship of educated men.

Phillips would have no such cloistered scholarship. To him the scholar trains his mind not to secure his own happiness but to secure the public good. Before his time he recognized man's obligation to society. Education should be sought for the greater power it gives to work for those public causes to which the orator had devoted his life. "The Scholar in Politics" was the theme of many generous minds of the time. In the college generation to whom Phillips's oration was addressed were George von L. Meyer, Robert Bacon, Albert Bushnell Hart, Josiah Quincy, Theodore Roosevelt, Curtis Guild, Boies Penrose, Sherman Hoar, Robert Luce, Charles Sumner Hamlin, men who like him devoted their lives to the service of their country. It was to his own generation, not to the young men who heard his words, that Wendell Phillips's criticism was rightly addressed. The graduates of the early eighties were ready and determined to devote their talents and their education to the public good. His indictment of scholarship was true of his own time in the University; but as he spoke, the scholar had already learned that all truth is not in books, and all educated men are not in the colleges. Names of the great group of business and professional men, of engineers, of statesmen who left the fellowship of the University to meet with a scholar's training the complex affairs of

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modern life, were already found in the University catalogue of the year in which Phillips spoke.

Not only was this new spirit among the students; the University itself felt it. Before the centenary of Phi Beta Kappa, the modernization of scholarship had gone far. When Phillips spoke, Eliot was President of the University, and upon the teaching force were Child, Briggs, Hill, and Emerton, Dunbar, Palmer, and James, Trowbridge, Shaler, Farlow, and Mark. In the Law School Langdell, Thayer, Gray, and Ames were teaching. Scholarship had already taken a distinct trend toward the solution of actual conditions of human life.

But the new spirit of 1881 was not to be shown only, or most characteristically, in public service. One of the most interesting developments in the whole history of human thought has been taking place in the last century and especially in the last half-century. Already in 1831 Austin remarked upon the application of steam to the affairs of life. Scholarship, through the invention and use of machinery, had increased human power, Austin said, "as if by a word so many laboring men were called into existence." The modern world began with the supplanting of human labor by mechanical power. The mass of common labor has throughout the history of our country been recruited from time to time by a new class of different origin; and as each group of laborers has been supplanted by a new mass, the old group has been forced up in the scale of living; each individual of the group, who formerly had only to work, must now think and plan, or die. When the mass of labor was in turn supplanted by machines, the same process took place. Humanity has, indeed, been greatly liberated from labor; but it has been liberated not for inglorious ease, but for study and thought. Machines, instead of general leisure, have brought general education. Fifty years ago the liberation of human labor had already put thousands of men and women in the thinking class. Our civilization was growing too scientific for one who could not think. In the fifty years since that time, the process has gone on increasingly. The farmer who would prosper now uses all the help that approved machinery can give him in his task; but he must use his resulting leisure to learn the chemistry of plant feeding, and the use of fertilizers, and the art of grading and packing. He must learn the ways of animal breeding, the science of improving his herd. Whether in an agricultural college or on his own farm, he must read and re-

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flect, and in the process must train his mind in order to keep pace with the new requirements which he must meet, or fail. The old country grocer, the proprietor of the general store of the village, cannot live as he once could by a process of buying where he can and selling what is demanded of him. He has been forced to study psychology and geography, commerce and transportation, advertising, and the science of salesmanship and sales resistance. Millions of our fellow men, untrained in the colleges, are now perforce living a life of thought and of application of the mind to the affairs of life.

Not only has thought become more general in the fifty years last past; it has changed as greatly in kind. A machine age, calling for less human labor, calls not merely for more but for deeper human thought. The mathematical and physical sciences grow in content. The men who do things must be familiar with what has already become known about the whole world, and must discover new things. Old age itself and physical ineptitudes retreat as we become familiar with the new learning, and dodge the new automobiles. Scholarship demands new fields of thought and works out newer and more complicated truth. The old reason based upon the training of mind in language and the literature of the race led to no universal happiness. The dream of Austin proved a disappointment. For his scholarship we substitute the reason of a freer day; a democratic reason, trained in the affairs of life, as against the aristocratic reason of the older age, trained only in the cloister.

As Austin's rôle for reason has proved thoroughly inadequate, so Phillips' indictment of scholars as impotent in the actual affairs of life has been disproved in the court of experience. Educated young men are not creatures apart, classicists, philosophers, or theologians. Scholars who might have listened to Phillips' oration are not only the statesmen of this century. They are the engineers, the bridge-builders, the inventors of the skyscraper and the Leviathan; they are the financiers, the creators of the great corporations, the *almi patres* of agriculture and of industry; they are the chemists and physicists, the inventors of the telephone and the phonograph and the electric light, of the moving picture and the radio, the discoverers of the applications of chemistry to life and death; they are the biologists, the physiologists, the surgeons who have lessened human pain and lengthened human life. These and all the other remarkable inventions of the last

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fifty years have not been the accidental findings of uneducated men, discovered, like a gold mine, by a sharp eye or a callous hand. The inventions and discoveries, the engineering activities, the feats of surgery and the social advances of the last generation have been the work of educated men, thinkers and scholars, who have served humanity far more nobly than Phillips dreamed. The man who advances civilization today must start with a mind stored with the knowledge of the race and trained in the ways of thought.

As the minds of men become so strong and so prolific, as their works become so amazingly diverse, scholarship must be different from that of fifty years or a hundred years ago. Not that its old aims are given up; progress does not work by subtraction, but by addition and multiplication. The good of one generation remains the good of all later generations, multiplied by riper experience, and added to the new goods which the minds of men have discovered. The aim of education one hundred years ago was training of the mind to approach and solve the constantly new and changing problems of life; and this still remains the fundamental aim.

But scholarship now cannot stop with mere mental training. The scholar must be oriented to the world; he must learn the ways and the meaning of life. The re-creation of science which has taken place in the last century, and its application in every portion of one's experience, make it essential, not that the scholar should be a scientist, but that he should know enough of the elements of the sciences intelligently to use their discoveries and sympathetically to follow their new achievements. The social sciences, too, make their demands upon him. The scholar must be equally at home in the world of nature and in the world of man.

But the experience of the last half-century has shown that mental training and orientation in one's world are not enough to make a scholar of the twentieth century. What might be called the general education of 1881 will no longer suffice. The scholar today must add to the training of 1831 and 1881 a thorough professional training in some one subject. Whether his chosen field in life be education or engineering, art or agriculture, science or sociology, law or literature, his training in his chosen field must have put him abreast of the knowledge of his time; it must enable the scholar to follow and understand the new discoveries and the new literature of his subject; it

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must empower him to carry forward knowledge through research. No longer can scholarship divorce herself from professional studies, nor stop with the acquisition of a trained mind and a store of useful information. A scholar today is one trained to come to grips with the intellectual problems of his profession. Myriad are the roads. And each scholar must fight his way to the very truth along his own chosen road.

Nowhere is this modern understanding of scholarship more fully recognized than in the American universities. They have taken the required step; they have left the cloister for the library, the laboratory, and the experiment station.

From these beginnings, dating back only a few years before Phillips's oration, the application of scholarship to the affairs of life has gone on. Schools of education and of engineering, of agriculture and of journalism, of forestry, of architecture and of landscape architecture have been added to the universities; and now on each side of what was once our gymnasium we see the fine arts and the art preservative of all arts become scientific. From torch to torch the fire has spread. We who have seen the outbreak on this side of the Charles now see the fire carried across the river; and production and distribution, the watchwords of our old economics, become glamorous. Merchandising, cost accounting, marketing, advertising, and salesmanship are now studied with the same scientific care and with the same zeal for truth that rights and wrongs have evoked in the older professional school. Another group of scholars has arisen to touch and guide life on a practical side.

So short is the period during which scholarship has concerned itself with the affairs of everyday life that this fifty years has sufficed really to make philosophy the helmsman of the farmer's toil and the tradesman's skill.

And so the task set for education during the last half-century has been performed. The scholar has taken all life for his field.

Today three civilizations are engaged in deadly contest for the control of the world. The Asiatic is relying upon brute force, the sheer weight of numbers. The Soviet seeks to control through force of natural resources and the intelligent direction of unskilled masses. To these portentous forces the Western World has to oppose scholarship. Brute force of numbers and the power of mind behind matter is

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arrayed against that scholarship, that *philosophia* which is the guide of life. In action they will be supreme; by the power of thought we must conquer. Philosophy must direct our civilization or our civilization is doomed. The last fifty years have seen philosophy really become the guide of the affairs of common life; its harder task still remains.

Scholarship, like poetry, is thought touched with fire. Its flame is the zeal for truth. The real scholar cannot pursue thought or investigation apart from the eagerness of desire, the feeling of service to the world which differentiates the scholar from the mere pedant. It is not learning, but the love of learning, that is the guide of life.

Whatever the character of his adventures, the scholar is a knight errant, always on the quest for service. It is to him that the words of the poet, first spoken on this platform, may be applied:

> Up! Boot and Saddle! Humanity calls!
> Life's not a dream in the clover!
> On to the walls! On to the walls!
> On to the walls and over!

A Tale

PRESIDENT PARK of Bryn Mawr College told me once about an historic occasion at Radcliffe when she was Dean, before she went to Bryn Mawr as President. It was a dinner at which Dean Briggs was to be one of the speakers—always welcomed by Radcliffe audiences as well as by any audience which happens to hear him. There had been special preparations for this important banquet, even the chairs coming in for attention to the extent of a new coat of varnish. The evening was hot, as Commencement evenings are likely to be, and when the speakers arose to speak they arose with difficulty, Dean Briggs proving no exception to the rule. Those of you who are so happy as to know Dean Briggs will at once infer that he was equal to the occasion—as he was. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, with a sidelong glance at his evening coat, "I had expected to bring you this evening an unvarnished tale, but circumstances make it impossible to fulfil my expectations."

MARY E. WOOLLEY, *President of Mount Holyoke College.*

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150 Years of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard

REGINALD HENRY PHELPS, *Harvard '30*

TO the College of William and Mary in Virginia belongs the distinction of founding the Phi Beta Kappa Society; but the misfortunes of war brought about the closing of the little College in 1781 and the consequent cessation of activity of the parent Chapter. The granting of charters to Harvard and Yale, through the efforts of Elisha Parmele, made possible the transference of the Society's center of activity from the South to New England. Elisha Parmele, former student at Yale, graduated at Harvard in 1778 and went to William and Mary in the following year for graduate study. The Society was nearly three years old, growing in numbers, in activity, in distinction. Parmele petitioned it for the right to organize chapters at Harvard and Yale. A resolution had already been adopted by the founders to permit the chartering of chapters in other cities and towns of Virginia, and on the occasion of the Chapter's third anniversary (December 4, 1779), he was granted by charter the right to "establish a Fraternity of the ΦBK" at Harvard. The document states:

Whereas it is repugnant to the liberal principles of Societies, that they should be confined to any particular place, men, or Description of men, and as the same should be extended to the wise & virtuous of every degree, and of whatever Country;—

We the Members and Brothers of the ΦBK, an Institution founded on literary principles, being willing and desirous to propagate the same, have at the Instance and petition of our good Brother Elisha Parmeli of the University of Cambridge in the State of Massachusetts Bay, and from the confidence we repose in the Integrity, Discretion, and good Conduct of our said Brother, unanimously agreed & resolved to give and delegate, and we do therefore, by these our present letters of Charter-Party, give and delegate by unanimous consent to you the said Elisha Parmeli the following Rights, Privileges, Authority & Power, that is to say

First—That at the University of Cambridge you establish a Fraternity of the ΦBK, to consist of not less than three persons of Honor, Probity &

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good Demeanor, which shall be denominated the Alpha of Massachusetts Bay. And as soon as such number of three shall be chosen, you shall proceed to hold a Meeting, to be called the Foundation Meeting & appoint your Officers agreeable to Law . . .

That the Governing Rule of your conduct and that of the Society, be to further and promote the fundamental principles and maxims of the Φ B K, to the best of your Knowledge; and above all you are to be careful to promote friendship & union among one another, as well as to bring it forth in a Communion with us here; so far, as it may be practicable & convenient. . . .

That you by this Charter be invested with the privileges of the Meeting Alpha of Virginia in granting Charters for the establishment of other Meetings anywhere within your State of Massachusetts Bay which meetings are to stand in the same relation to you that the Junior Branches of this Society stand in to the meeting Alpha here. . . .

Five days later it was resolved to empower Parmele to establish a similar chapter at Yale. The next year he returned to the North with his charters. (A facsimile of the Harvard charter, the original of which is now in the possession of the Chapter, is given to newly-elected members as their "shingle.") The first official meeting at Yale was held in November, 1780; at Harvard the Chapter was organized on September 5, 1781.

In March of 1782 Samuel Kendal, first President of the Chapter, wrote to the Yale Chapter, inviting its members "to the advantages of a literary correspondence," and requesting them "to communicate whatever curious or important in the literary way, may fall within [their] observation."

The early records of the Harvard Chapter are not unlike those of many literary societies of the time. Phi Beta Kappa was indeed one of a group of clubs of a literary and social nature that came into existence at Harvard after 1750, among the best known of which are the Speaking Club and the Institute of 1770. In Phi Beta Kappa, too, "extemporaneous disputes" and carefully prepared papers in "opposite composition" were the regular fare at the fortnightly meetings. Even in those days college students had considerable aversion to doing unnecessary work, and there are many reports of meetings containing such statements as "Brother —— being absent the extemporaneous dispute was omitted," and "Broth'rs —— & —— being absent there were no performances." Yet most of the discussions scheduled were apparently held; and the subjects treated at these meetings

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have a particular interest, for they include current affairs, speculative questions, potentially humorous topics, debates on academic subjects; and a number of these are matters that are still live themes of argument in colleges. The following extracts are taken from a list compiled some years ago:

1788—October 23—Whether it would be for the usefulness of ministers to have their salaries increased.

1793—November 26—Whether the civilization of the American Indian be practicable.

1796—May 10—Whether the excise law be advantageous to the public.

August 30—Whether any government have a right to restrain emigration.

1798—April 4—Whether a treaty with Great Britain, offensive and defensive, would be advantageous to the United States.

May 29—Whether French politics be more injurious than New England rum.

1798—December 4—Whether the possession of the West Indies would be of advantage to the United States.

More general topics included:

1787—August 28—Whether mankind be happier in a state of Nature or in Society.

1791—July 5—Whether the fair sex conduce to the improvement of ours.

1792—December 18—Whether literature flourishes more under monarchy than under democracy.

1793—February 19—Whether an increase of knowledge be accompanied by an increase in happiness.

1795—May 26—Whether it be more noble to stand alone in defence of truth, than to sacrifice a darling opinion for the sake of peace.

The Anniversary Meeting became early the great annual event on the Phi Beta Kappa calendar. From the first the celebration has comprised a business meeting, literary exercises, and a dinner. Until about 1817 the business meeting took place in the college room of some member and the dinner was provided at Warland's or Porter's, where there was much toasting and, as the records say, "the society partook of an elegant repast which added energy to social entertainment, and . . . smoaked awhile the Calumet of friendship." It is through the literary exercises, however, that the Anniversary Meet-

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ings of the Harvard Chapter have become famous in the eyes of the public.

During the early years active members of the Chapter were chosen to be orators; often two seniors, whose subjects were noticeable for indefiniteness: Friendship; History; Industry; Happiness; Man (this last led to an entry in the diary of the Reverend Dr. John Pierce, indefatigable guest at anniversaries during a period of forty years: "The oration of Br. Pipon on Man consisted of miscellaneous and severely critical remarks on man"). The orations and poems delivered at the anniversary celebrations have contributed notably to American literature. Among the orators have been John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, Henry Ward Beecher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips (whose address "The Scholar in a Republic," delivered at the one hundredth anniversary of the Chapter, in 1881, ranks with Emerson's "The American Scholar" among the greatest orations of its type), Carl Schurz, Leslie Stephen, James Bryce, Jean Jules Jusserand, Charles William Eliot, Henry Cabot Lodge, Woodrow Wilson, Josiah Royce, Charles Evans Hughes, and Franklin D. Roosevelt; and among the poets, Everett, Emerson, and Holmes, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Francis Bret Harte, Owen Wister, Barrett Wendell, Robert Frost, Bliss Carman, Alfred Noyes, and Stephen Vincent Benét. In 1824 the Harvard Chapter was host to Lafayette. The orator of that year, Edward Everett, closed with "an address to La Fayette exceeding anything we have heard, and drew tears from almost every eye"; and to the gracious toast of Judge Story, who presided afterward at the dinner: "Our distinguished guest La Fayette—He reads his history in a nation's eyes," the famous guest replied with equal grace and spirit: "This Antient University: this Literary Society. This Holy Alliance of Learning & Virtue & Patriotism is more than a match for any coalition against the rights of mankind."

During its first fifty years the Society hardly differed from most contemporary literary clubs. The fortnightly meetings with their sociability and discussions, the complex forms and ceremonies of initiation, taken over from the William and Mary Chapter, the secrecy in which the meetings and laws were clothed, the use of cipher in official communications are all typical of the fraternities of the time.

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The Harvard Chapter never suffered the indignity of the Yale and Dartmouth groups, whose secret records were stolen. But the anti-Masonic agitation of the eighteen-twenties and thirties did not pass by Phi Beta Kappa, which was attacked for binding its members by oath not to disclose its secrets. In 1831, the President of the Harvard Chapter, Edward Everett, wrote a letter to Mr. Justice Story, in which he stated:

> Several friends with whom I have conversed, think it expedient wholly to drop the affectation of secrecy. . . . One gentleman thinks the Society useless, & that it would be best to abolish it altogether; & I should be of this opinion, unless such a liberal change can be made in the terms of admission & membership as to make it a comprehensive fraternity of the children & friends of the College. . . .

At the special meeting which followed, John Quincy Adams moved

> That in the admission of all future members of the Society, no oath shall be administered, and no secret shall be disclosed to or imposed upon or required of the member admitted.

This, and a subsequent motion by him at the time of the presentation of a new Constitution (August 11, 1831), were lost; but finally in 1831 the new Constitution was adopted, which incorporated the statement:

> No oath or form of secrecy shall be required of any member of the Society, and all injunction of secrecy heretofore imposed by this branch of the Phi Beta Kappa Society shall be removed.

By this liberalization of policy, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa escaped once and for all the possibility of becoming merely one of many undergraduate social clubs. It made itself definitely free to choose its members on merit, and to devote itself singly to the purposes of scholarship. In 1834, the undergraduate members strengthened this position by resolving:

> That scholarship with a generally good character, should be the ground of election into the Phi Beta Kappa Society, that the decision of the rank of each individual should be left with [the] immediate members, who are to form their own opinion, but that it be recommended to them, that the [fac-

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ulty's] scale of rank should be an important element in the formation of that opinion.

As the College has grown, the maximum number to be elected to the Society from each class has been increased from a normal membership of sixteen from each class to the present maximum of sixty-five (about one-tenth of the number of men in each graduating class). Traditionally, eight men are chosen in the fall of their third year as the "Junior Eight"; thirty-two seniors are elected in the autumn, and twenty-five at graduation, when the final allotment of degrees with honors is known.

Meetings of the undergraduate members are now held only for the election of new members. The only other activity of these "immediate members" (except for the recently revived baseball game with the Yale Chapter) is the undergraduate tutoring bureau, founded in 1914–15, through which students who need help in their studies are advised free of charge. In its emphasis upon scholarship this project corresponds to the foundation in 1797 of a fund "to relieve those members of our brotherhood, whom fortune may distress, to accommodate those who may wish for assistance, and in general, to extend the advantages which result from a connection with ΦBK." Thus the present status of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard is that of an all-but-honorary society. Because each year some of the thirty-two seniors elected in the fall receive their degrees only *cum laude*, while a number of men who are awarded a *magna cum laude* at commencement cannot be taken into the Society on account of its limited numbers, the suggestion has been made that the proportions of men elected in the fall and the spring should be altered to allow the election of a larger number on the basis of four years' work. The Harvard faculty has come to stress more and more in awarding honors the work done in the senior year when students by means of theses and general examinations have the opportunity to show how well they have digested and how maturely they can employ the facts acquired from their first three years' study in twelve or thirteen separate courses. If Phi Beta Kappa should join the University in withholding its judgment of students until as much evidence as possible is available, it would complete its century-long growth away from college social club to honorary society. It would recognize officially what has long been the situation at Harvard—that the nature of Phi Beta Kappa

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does not permit it to compete for the interest of undergraduates with the fraternities and clubs of avowedly social or semi-social character; that the significance of the Society can at present best be realized through a mature organization, mainly of graduates, most of them chosen after their intellectual ability has had a chance to prove itself through the full four years of college.

NOTE.—The writer has made use of material contained in the following: *The Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter of* Φ B K, Cambridge, 1912; "Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard," by L. B. Packard, in *The Phi Beta Kappa Key*, Vol. I, No. 10, pp. 5–25; *The Phi Beta Kappa General Catalogue*, 1922; and the *Historical Sketch of the Harvard Chapter* (read at initiations) as last revised by O. S. Loud, Harvard 1929.

The Campus: Amusement Centre

MARY E. WOOLLEY

President of Mount Holyoke College

I AM about to say something which I know is going to shock some of you. I would make the campus a recreational as well as an academic centre. Do not misunderstand me—I have not the remotest ambition to increase the recreational interests of the college at the expense of the intellectual. Any one who thinks that we need to foster the "urge"—I try to be up-to-date in my phraseology, you see—to amusement in our modern youth, is laboring under a delusion. Rather it is to substitute a *centripetal* for a *centrifugal* trend in amusement. The desire for recreation, for amusement, is there; it would be abnormal if it were not. Why not take this perfectly normal desire and make of it something constructive in our educational scheme? Why not check this procession away from our colleges, this procession to movies and clubs and week-ends to the tune of the honk of the motor? Why not make the college the magnet by attractive environment and by such provision of facilities for amusement that the result may be far-reaching in its influence upon the recreational life, the amusements of our American communities, even upon the home itself?

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The Five Final Questions at Commencement

OWEN D. YOUNG

At St. Lawrence University, August 14, 1931

IT is my privilege today, in the absence of Dr. Sykes, to confer upon you the degrees to which you are severally entitled. I congratulate you on your accomplishment. It means that the college has examined you and found you worthy. Now you are going out into the world to be examined by it. Some of you have taken a partial examination there already. In college you may have had good luck or bad luck in your examinations. Sometimes the questions hit upon the field exactly in which you were best prepared. Sometimes your mind was working at its best. At other times, you were less fortunate. The examinations with an ingenious deviltry seemed to hit upon the things you did not know. In some degree, the examinations which the world will make of you will be the same. Sometimes opportunities will come to you to display great strength and find you qualified to do it. Sometimes the world will call upon you with confidence, and you will disappoint both it and yourselves. The only difference between your college examination and the world's examination is that the world subjects you to a continuing examination and the dates set for it are not determined in advance. It comes at most unexpected times and in unlooked-for situations. Frequently you do not even know that the examination is going on, and yet it may be a very critical moment in your career. The very continuity of examination guards against error in results. You have an opportunity to correct your bad examinations, and you take the risk of impairing the good ones. By and large, it is fair to say that the world's judgment will be correct. You will not get by permanently with lucky questions. You will not fail with a few unlucky ones.

May I suggest this morning that you subject yourself to another examination. It is the most vital and important one of all. It must be more searching than any other. Your answers must be more full and frank. The results of this examination must be taken more seriously.

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In a word, I suggest that you examine yourself. Perhaps you can afford to fool others about yourself, but you cannot afford to fool yourself about yourself. The purpose of the examination is to discover your own strength and weakness. Perhaps I can help you in this self-examination. Will each of you put to yourself five questions, and having discovered your strength or weakness, will you then go on with the great business of developing yourselves. Truly, this is the commencement and not the end of your educational career. These are the questions.

First. Have you enlarged your knowledge of obligations and increased your capacity to perform them?

Second. Have you developed your intuitions and made more sensitive your emotions?

Third. Have you discovered your mental aptitude?

Fourth. Have you learned enough about the machinery of society and its history to enable you to apply your gifts effectively?

Fifth. Have you acquired adequate skill in communication with others?

Satisfactory results from this self-examination are essential to your success. You cannot fail on any item. However, if one be more important than another, I think they are stated in the order of their importance. Perhaps if I expand the questions, they may be more searching in their inquiry and the answers may be more satisfying to yourselves.

Failure on the first question means failure altogether. If you have not developed your understanding and sense of obligation and your capacity to perform, then your intuitions, no matter how sensitive, your aptitudes, no matter how marked, your knowledge of institutions, no matter how thorough, your language, no matter how adequate, will not save you from failure. You may appear for a time to succeed with only the last four, but in the end, you will fail without the first. On the first question I shall speak last.

You may be surprised that the development of intuitions is put second in the list. I mean by it that whole area of subconscious or superconscious activity which underlies or overlies our ordinary mental machinery. Its usefulness depends upon its exercise. A college course tends to exalt the mere operations of the conscious mind, and

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so, in some degree, to discourage the use of one's intuitions. Has that been the result with you? If it has, I would endeavor to develop those thousand and one antennæ which unconsciously absorb, especially in your contacts with other human beings, impressions of which the mind either cannot take account or comprehends all too slowly. Sensitiveness outside of the field of the mental operation is a magnificent substratum, especially when joined with character, on which to build the structure of a developed mind. So I put this area of what I call intuitions, perhaps not properly so, as second in importance in your list. You will find this examination difficult. You will find your deficiencies hard to repair, but exercise, constant exercise of your faculties in this subconscious field will yield you much. Then, too, I class the cultivation of the emotions with intuitions. They work together. Have your emotions been deadened by too much mathematics and science? Have scientific methods in history and elsewhere impaired them? The discovery of insulin only a decade ago is an historical and scientific fact, but it is more. Are one million people alive today, useful to themselves and to society, loved by their associates and friends, as a result of that discovery? Will fifteen million people soon owe their lives to it? If wars which destroy millions may be glorified by our emotions, perhaps we may think of insulin which saves, as more than a mere cold scientific fact. Examine yourself on your emotional approaches. It will throw your knowledge into better human perspective.

I fear that the college has not paid much attention to these first two questions. I doubt if it has examined you in them, and yet they are of supreme importance to you.

In the third question, you will note that I put the emphasis on discovery. Have you discovered your mental aptitude? Have you been engaged in that most important job of research, more important to you than all the research of the world, the discovery of what you really want to do, and what you are best fitted to do? Here, again, you must be objective in your examination. The fashion of the time, the acquisition of wealth, the glamor of superficial success, all stand as temptations for you to try to do something that you are not fitted to do. The misplacement of human beings is one of the greatest tragedies. Young people frequently start out quite aimlessly. They either drift from one place to another, or, having taken a place unsuited to them,

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have not initiative or courage enough to lift themselves out of it. The years go by, and in the minor jobs, they do the work well enough perhaps to get some progressive increase in earnings. Each year makes it more difficult for them to move, and one day they wake up to the realization that there is nothing ahead for them in the line into which they have drifted, and they are then too old to be accepted in another. This, as I have said, is one of the greatest tragedies of modern life. Be careful not to misplace yourselves. Be on the guard always against letting yourself drift into occupations for which you are not fitted. You must discover your own aptitudes—you must pilot your own ship. If you fail to plot your course, or, knowing it, carelessly take your hand off the wheel, you will merely drift at the peril of the waves, and one day you will be wrecked and cast ashore. Do not neglect this discovery of your aptitude, and finding it, do not fail to meet the sacrifices which may be necessary in the beginning to enable you to put it to effective use.

Perhaps the college has not helped you with these first three items. If it has not, it is partly its failure and partly yours. If it has not, you must repair that deficiency now, now before it is too late. The remaining two questions lie strictly in the field of your accepted college work. Have you learned enough of the machinery and history of organized society to enable you effectively to apply your gift, assuming it has been discovered? If it lies in the field of science, have you learned enough about the fundamentals of mathematics and physics to enable you to go on effectively in the pursuit of your target? Examine yourselves carefully, and if you have not, then repair the weakness and do it now. Remember there is no lucky chance in this self-examination of yours. What you do not know and what you ought to know must insistently stand out to plague you, plague you with red marks, impair your confidence, threaten you with defeat until you have overcome it. Be prompt to recognize the areas of your ignorance and be quick to make your examination in them satisfactory to yourselves.

And now on this matter of communication—the last of the questions which I have put to you—the least important in the order of statement, and yet without which it will be difficult for you to succeed, even though you have all the other four. At best, one can communicate to others only a very small percentage of what one thinks or sees or feels. Language is inadequate. All languages are inadequate

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no matter how many of them one may know or how skillful one may be in using them. Perhaps only one per cent or two per cent, certainly I should think not more than five per cent of what one thinks or sees or feels can be translated by language to another. As a person enlarges his capacity to make himself understood, and enlarges the ability of others to understand him, he opens up to that extent his opportunity for usefulness. Certainly in our modern society, where it is necessary for men even in the simplest matters to cooperate with each other, it is necessary for them first of all to understand each other. Language is the principal conveyor of understanding, and so we must learn to use it, not crudely but discriminatingly. I have discovered after a long experience that misunderstandings arise between men largely because of the failure of adequate expression. Be careful to see that your language is clear. Words must be accurately used. Sentences must be short—then add style if you can. It is only half enough to have the transmitter work clearly and accurately. The other half lies with the receiver, and style, if it be compelling enough, is the sure way to make the receiver function well.

And now I come back to my first question, *Have you enlarged your knowledge of obligations and increased your capacity to perform them?*

I have grave doubts whether the college has helped you as much as it should on this all-important question. It seems to be assumed that somehow young people will discover their obligations for themselves. Perhaps it is assumed that the whole college course is directed to this end without being specific about it. Perhaps it is assumed that the church will do it. Perhaps it is thought wiser to leave it to discovery by experience. Whatever the explanation may be, I am satisfied that the colleges are not performing well or adequately in this important field. Young men and women go out of college without any very clear conception of their obligations or of the importance of their performance. There should be a whole course on this in every college—not a course of sermons made up of age-old platitudes, but of researches in specific fields. For example, what are the obligations of a citizen in our modern democracy? Our governments are constantly being faced with more and more complicated questions. Our political representatives have to act upon them. Public opinion has to function on them. What part must you undertake in understanding your obligations and

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fulfilling them? Today we are faced in this country with a larger number of vital problems than has ever been presented to one nation. We have serious domestic problems. We have important foreign ones. Many of them must be answered and answered soon. You must help. Are you prepared? Have these problems been segregated in your mind and studied, even the most important of them? Do you feel confident that you can perform reasonably well your obligations as a citizen in answering them? If your college has not helped you with that research, you must help yourself. Suppose we be more specific. America is now the great creditor nation of the world. It has something more to do than merely to pay its debts. It is a trustee of forty per cent of the world's gold supply and has great reservoirs of credit. How shall it be used for the benefit of our own people? How shall it be used so as to create and maintain stability in the world's exchanges so that this interdependent economic life of all the people of all nations may go on more prosperously? How much do you know about credit and currency? What will you do as an educated citizen on a problem of this kind? The question is raised and is bound to be discussed again, as it has been before, whether silver is to be established on some fixed parity with gold as a monetary metal. When that issue was before us last, it was largely a domestic question. Now, because of the relationship of America to the world, it becomes an international one. Your political representatives may be called upon to act. Public opinion may be required to function. In a democracy, you must act. You have that obligation—how will you perform it? Then again, shall we have a managed currency not based on the supply of one commodity like gold, but expanding and contracting by the exercise of human judgment so as to maintain something like a stable price level on all commodities? That question is being discussed in many countries and will be talked about more. Political representatives may be called upon to act. What is your obligation? How will you perform it? So much as an illustration of some obligations, remote perhaps, but nevertheless important to citizenship.

Now what about the sanctity of obligations and the importance of their punctual performance? That lies back of our whole system of credit and currency. Gold is only a partial cover, perhaps less than ten per cent, of the outstanding currencies and credits. What is back of the other ninety per cent? Economists may tell us that it is commodi-

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ties in process or in movement. I tell you that it is promises of men. Promises which must be sacred, and promises which must be punctually performed if credits and currencies are to be good. Let me advise you. Any obligation which you make—perform it. If it be for money—pay it. If you can not pay it—renew it, but never neglect it and never default on it. Your credit, not for money alone, but for good faith, depends upon it. The credit of the nation, the value of our currency, the conduct of business, our very living, depend upon the sanctity of public and private obligations.

Let us speak of public obligations for a moment. Political parties throughout the world have a more or less prevalent habit of treating lightly the obligations which may have been entered into by their government. That exists to some degree in all countries. It ranges all the way from polite questioning to threats of repudiation. Whether a person or a country should undertake obligations is debatable. Whether they should perform them, once undertaken, is not. If they are impossible of performance, they should be revised, but they should never be defaulted.

Perhaps I have said enough to indicate to you what I mean by an understanding of obligations and your ability to perform. Please remember that loyalty to them is the basic obligation of all citizens in a civilized society.

I commend to you an examination of what your obligations are in this modern world and a continuing study of how you intend to perform them. Democracies will fail unless you do. The political liberty of the individual will be diminished from necessity unless you do. Dictators will arise to perform your responsibilities, and having performed them, they will take their full toll from your liberties. Our colleges are in default in this great field of research and instruction. No diplomas should be granted until men and women know something more about the area of their obligations in life and something more about their duty in their performance.

Ladies and Gentlemen, make no mistake about this examination of yours. It is difficult, I know, far more difficult than any you have ever faced. You may shirk giving it to yourself. The world will not shirk giving it to you. So I suggest that you be prepared, and I hope as a result of your efforts, the great university of life will confer upon you ultimately a satisfactory degree.

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Respectfully Dedicated to the Critical Alumnus

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

WHEN your steps to Cambridge track
Whack the Fac!
Do not pat them on the back—
Tell them all the things they lack!
Whack, whack, whack!
That's the treatment for the Fac.

Is your Pegasus a hack?
Thwack the Fac.
For the law have you no knack?
Is your eldest son a jack?
Whack, whack, whack.
Who's responsible? The Fac!

Have your fortunes gone to wrack?
Smack the Fac.
Is your specialist a quack?
Do your wits begin to crack?
Whack, whack, whack,
Give 'em blazes! They're the Fac.

What? No aces in the pack!
Whack the Fac.
Does your girl give you the sack?
Can't you please rich Uncle Zack?
Whack, smack, thwack!
When your steps to Cambridge track
Don't forget to whack the Fac.

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Scholars and the Great Böig

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

YEARS ago when my children were just emerging from the golden age of cocoon-like babyhood, their only responsibility being to digest their food, and mine to see that they had the food they could digest, I was aghast at the sea of troubles before them—and consequently before me—in the insensate number of standards they must learn to satisfy. Here was a two-year-old human being, not so advanced we are told as a full-grown chimpanzee, a primitive organism new to life of any kind, utterly unacquainted with the complex rules of the human game before him. It would have taken sheets and sheets of paper just to set down all that the little thing would be required to master in the next few years—to use a fork instead of a knife, to tell the truth, to blow his nose, to be gentle to weaker things, not to interrupt other people, to think logically, not to walk in front of his elders, not to steal or to be stupid, not to play with matches or wilfully to cause pain and so on endlessly. It seemed to the young mother I was then, that that hodge-podge if taken as it came in daily life, first one and then another, would soon reduce us all to idiocy under the sheer mass of its numbers. Casting around for some sort of classification which would distinguish imperatively vital matters from less important ones, I found all that a child was to learn to do or not to do fell easily into two great classes —actions which could be called right or wrong, worth while or worthless and those which were "nice" or "not-nice." For instance, to grab his toy from a younger brother and slap him when he protested was WRONG; but to have dirty finger-nails was merely not-nice. (Note the young naïveté of that "merely.")

The acute reader of this magazine will, of course, recognize, with a smile for the simplicity of the young mother's thinking she had invented that classification, the great and eternal distinction between standards set up by abstract principles universally recognized by the best of humanity, and those others sanctioned by the *mores* of any

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given age or community. In perfect good faith I taught my children that the few simple standards set up to conform to great abstract principles were eternal, immutable, universal—and hence, I said earnestly and simple-heartedly, the standards on which to fix one's real attention. The children, I told them, could never in their lives travel so far as to find a place where deliberate unkindness was *right*, where clear forceful thinking was not worth while or where doing your full share of what had to be done by all was *wrong*. But the standards of what was "nice"—table manners, what to do when presented to a stranger, what to wear on a given occasion, ideas of what constitutes "a good time" or "being a success"—those standards vary from one house to the next, from one town to another, and oh, children, so amusingly change from one country to another! Wasn't it *funny*, really the best of jokes, that in France, at table, the left hand *must* be in view all the time and with a piece of bread in it if possible, and in our country *must* be, as much as possible, out of sight in your lap. And funnier yet the solemn importance given in Germany to the sofa, in France to the stem of the pear, and in England to a particular place at table called The Head. Yes, we had many a good laugh about the earnest way in which people took the "nice" and "not-nice" matters. A person should of course learn whatever were the notions of "nice" and "not-nice" in the community where one found oneself; and as far as conformity did not interfere with really important matters (like accomplishing a worth while piece of work) live up to these notions as a matter of politeness—bow at the end of a meal and say, "*Tak for Maten*" in Norway, pass around the circle shaking hands with everybody when saying good morning in France, dip your hand in the pot if ever eating with—well, whichever primitive tribes still dip their hands in the pot. In short, take easily, lightly, flexibly, and with humor, standards based on *mores*, reserving one's respectful obedience for questions involving things that were really worth while.

Yes, that was what in all honesty and ease of mind I taught those children, poor little inheritors of human problems, helpless in their inexperience before their mother's ignorance. "Conform to the *mores* about you, children," said I, "*unless* that conflicts with a question of right and wrong or worth while and worthless." Ah, *credula simplicitas! sancta*, if you will, but certainly not *prudens!* To send them

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out in the world unwarned that not-nice speaks louder than wrong, unprepared for what is really the basic aphorism of human life—"conform, if you like, to standards of right and wrong but *only so far* as they do not conflict with a standard based on *mores*." I had a rough very old great-uncle whose eighteenth-century characterization of certain girls was that they belonged to the "LET-ME-GO! *hold-me-tight*" class. Human society says loudly, "A man of intelligence and integrity is a nobleman," adding in a whisper very audible to people of experience its real opinion. "If Plato came back to life and ate with his knife—no quarter to him!"

I hope you have not gathered that if I could now go back and start over again on the preparation of my children for life, that I would teach them to put conformity with *mores* before doing what is worth while. No, not that. What I would do would be to impress upon their imagination the fact that *mores*, folk-customs and beliefs, varying and unstable as they always are, ridiculous and absurd as they often are, are infinitely more our masters and tyrants than those great shining abstract principles to which all right-minded people pledge their allegiance. Forewarned is forearmed. I would let my children know that—as far as the opinions of other people are concerned—it is really less of a crime to be a defaulting bank president than to clean your nails at the theatre. Watch your step, I would warn them, when the path you think best to follow crosses rather than goes along with the path favored by the *mores* of your community. For their bedtime story I would have the Norse legend of the Great Böig who, mild, invisible, limp, unviolent, pervasive, wears out not only poor Peer Gynt but the strongest man no matter how fiercely determined to go forward. And I would say, when their imaginations had been well impressed by this strange passive menace, "That is another name for 'custom' or 'what everybody thinks,' for 'what everybody wants.' There it lies invisible and threatening across your way in life, determined to prevent you from wanting something better, from thinking something different no matter how fine. Strengthen your mental and moral muscles now in your youth for that battle with the great enemy of the race, and deepen your chest, for he cannot be overcome in any one battle, even an apparently decisive one since his weapon is endless persistence. Do not neglect to acquire mental and moral endurance as well as courage, for in the long run endurance is the

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only quality that prevails against the Great Böig of conformity to low standards."

And I would say, "Do not weaken your resistance by the self-pitying notion that some hard fate has placed you in a milieu specially smothered under the coils of that monster. As long as your milieu is human you will find the monster there. Do not think romantically that if you could only go elsewhere, you would be free of it. Around the whole globe lie the dark invisible Satanic rings of that Great Böig, taking one form in one place and another in another, always in essence the same, bent on tightening its hold on the free life of the mind and spirit till it has strangled it into weakness and subservience. Only in the naked heart and will and brain of every child of woman can the good fight be made. And to every man who stands up boldly, sword in hand, will be many longing to resist but not yet daring."

"You will, I hope, my children," I would say (and do say now and here on this page), "come to be scholars in the true sense of the word, Scholars,—that is, people who believe that the life of the intelligence is more important for health and happiness and to the world in general than driving an expensive car; who know that the keen intellectual struggle with one's own mental limitations, the glorious anguish of getting the best out of one's native equipment of gray matter gives a meaning, a shapeliness, and enduring beauty of form to a human life a thousand times more than the struggle, keen, glorious, and anguishing though it is, with one's physical limitations in the matter of driving a golf ball. You will, I hope, not leave your home and your college without having learned how simply, literally, actually, self-evidently true these propositions are."

"Having learned not to pick your teeth in public and how to eat olives you will run into no inevitable conflict with the lesser aspects of the *mores* around you. But you will be in great danger from those *mores*, none the less. For you, as for all potentially civilized and cultivated young human beings, the form taken by the insidious, invisible, all-pervasive Great Böig will be the general acceptance around you of low mental standards; the firmly held folk-belief that to be an intellectual person is to be absurd, silly, and awfully tiresome. Everywhere you go you will find a majority of the people you know sunk fathoms deep in the error of believing that satisfaction

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(rather than heaviness and care) is to be had from material possessions, that pleasure (rather than boredom) is to be had from cheap trivial standards in the arts. Most of the people you know will have advanced beyond the generation preceding them in so far that they acknowledge it is more fun to play tennis even though it tires you and makes you sweat, than to sit vacant with your stockinged feet on the porch railing; but they still hold firmly to the belief that intellectual exercise is nothing but tiring and absorbing and is not so much fun as mental vacancy. Go where you will, my dear children, around you will lie the great invisible folds of the unquestioned folk-belief that the active, continued exercise of the intelligence instead of being the prime, essential, irreplaceable condition for your enjoyment of life is—well, according to the milieu you find, it is called dull, dumb, highbrow, a damn bore, 'earnest,' naïve, occasionally even (as all holders of the golden key must be aware) Phi Beta Kappa-ish."

"Now I will not conceal from you that if you do not resist this folk-belief, if you sink down into quiescent intellectual slumber, if you dip your hand in that tribal pot, you will have no trouble with the Great Böig of mediocre standards of thought. It will not hurt you; you will be as little aware of it as the drug-addict is of his own lethargic half-death. But if, as you must if you are to enjoy life and not have it slip through your fingers like something in a stupid dream, you attempt to resist this opposition to intellectual life, if you brave the belief that dullness is better than intelligence and try to go on progressing and growing and learning, you must not be surprised to see the whole battery of weapons used against you, ranging from ridicule and hostility to the soft smothering fling over your head of the blanket of lack of outside intellectual stimulus.

"But that is a right task for a whole human being, my children! What more can anybody ask than a clear sight of a hateful and ignoble adversary, than the chance to do his share in the good fight for the good life against its enemies. Up and at 'em, say I, and know that to the honest fighter in the battle against mental lethargy and mediocrity and triviality, there is given the strength of Roland in his wrist to hew the rock and let the army of the faithful through."

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The Alumnus Speaks

JOHN W. DAVIS

At the Inauguration of Francis P. Gaines as President of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia

IT is my privilege to speak on this auspicious occasion for the Alumni of Washington and Lee. It seems entirely fitting that we should be heard. We are the past. The present is alway vocal and the future stands waiting to drive us further into the dim and shadowy background. Do not begrudge us a chance to be heard before we disappear.

The past—the past of Washington and Lee; the little academy founded by the Scotch-Irish settlers of the Valley, who true to the traditions of their race fronted the wilderness with a Bible in one hand and a school book in the other, ready to lay them down for the musket when occasion arose; the struggling College endowed by Washington and by his consent baptized with his immortal name, playing well its humble part until the lightnings of civil war broke upon it and all but consumed it in their flames; the reborn institution presided over by that counterpart of Washington whose ashes make forever holy the ground on which we stand, enlarged, strengthened, and inspired by his leadership and example, and re-consecrated by his life and death to the pursuit of lofty ideals and noble purposes; and finally the University of today, led in turn by Custis Lee, and Wilson, and Denny, and Smith, whose worthy successor we are assembled to inaugurate. Of this past we Alumni are not ashamed. You must forgive us a pardonable pride also as we contemplate the names upon our roster—statesmen, soldiers, judges, preachers, authors, scientists, teachers, engineers, men of learning and of character who played men's parts in their day and generation. I call upon them all, the living and the dead, to witness to the past of Washington and Lee.

What is it that we of the past wish to say to you of the present and you of the future at this institution? First of all, we ask you not to forget this past of which I speak. We cherish for it—we Alumni—an affection too profound to be put in words. That fraction of the past of which we were a part is colored in our memory with the vernal

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hues of life's glorious springtime—colors that brighten rather than grow dimmer with the lapse of time; and for the rest we think of it as does the wanderer of the land where he was born. Share this feeling with us; and be assured as you enter into this common inheritance that the strongest and most enduring institutions, the most compelling traditions, the loftiest impulses and ambitions are those whose roots strike deepest into the soil of bygone years.

What have we of the past and you of the present together to say to the future? Little of admonition, less of prophecy, but much of hope. To some of us it seems that not only is the work of Washington and Lee not finished, it is hardly begun. Profoundly do we believe that there lies before her a day of usefulness greater than any she has ever known. Education, keeping step with the enormous spread of human knowledge, has gone far since the days when the Liberty Hall Academy first opened its doors. I do not doubt that men have not only found more things to learn, but better ways of learning them—perhaps even better uses for the things that they have learned. Certainly no one would wish to stop this onward march or to discourage any experiments directed to a steadier step or a more certain attainment of the goal. Yet I make bold to think that not all the experiments that have been made in the educational field have proven their value. It is permitted to question whether some of the tendencies discernible in modern education are sure to contribute to the elevation and advancement of mankind. Neither is it to be hoped that the teaching profession, more than any other, should have entirely escaped the corroding influence of the charlatan. Is it not possible that in the eager desire to serve a utilitarian age a wholly disproportionate stress has been put by modern education on the verb "to do" with a regrettable lessening of emphasis on the verb "to be"? Surrounded as I am by those whose knowledge and experience of such matters so far transcend my own, it would be presumptuous to labor the point; but there is a rounded culture, an elevation of the mind and heart, a catholic outlook on life quite as needful to make the truly educated man as training along so-called "practical" lines. It has been well and truly said that "Education is to teach you how to do the things you haven't been taught to do."

Here is an educational field that opens to Washington and Lee opportunities as broad as the continent and as lasting as time itself.

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She may never confront them with a treasury as full as that of her more fortunate sisters, although it is greatly to be hoped that in time her too meagre resources will be adequately increased. She may not—indeed I pray she may never—take all learning for her province and institute a course in every subject from Sanskrit to seamanship. But in the subjects she selects it is in her power to create as deep and true a scholarship as can anywhere be found. It is within her grasp to be known among men not for the multitude of her courses or even the size of her stadia, but for her supreme excellence in whatever she undertakes; and in the things of the spirit she can be—she is—as rich as the richest of them all.

When I think of our many necessities in equipment and finance, I am comforted by the recollection of a recent visit to one of the oldest of the German universities. With a plant no more, indeed hardly as commodious as our own, with financial endowment inconsiderable by modern standards, she has none the less for centuries been sending out her sons to lead their people. Her teachings and their achievements have made the name of Heidelberg resound throughout the world.

So there broods over this campus today as throughout its history a something which teaches men that there is no glory in false pretense, that success is worthless when gained by dishonorable means, and that the great rewards of life are won in the service not of oneself but of others. It is a something which enables those it touches to bear

> ". . . without abuse
> The grand old name of gentleman
> Defamed by every charlatan
> And soiled with all ignoble use."

Let us cherish it. *Sicut et patribus, sit deus nobis.*

These, in brief, are the things which the Alumni would have me say today, and this the inheritance we come to give into the keeping of our new President. We count our *Alma Mater* fortunate in finding one so worthy, in scholarship, in achievement, and in personal character, to be her chief servant. We hail his coming, we predict great things under his leadership, and we promise him our loyal, our constant, and, so far as in us lies, our helpful support.

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The Nature of Man

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HISTORIANS of philosophy would have us remember Hegel, with honor and thankfulness, during this hundredth anniversary of the year of his death. In the situation in which I find myself, I must remember Fichte. I am compelled to. I know well that Hegel has influenced the development of philosophy much more and more deeply than Fichte. Today, however, I am not thinking of this development. I am thinking rather of our obligations, our necessities, and above all of our imperative need as men to learn what we can about our nature and our destiny. Surely a philosopher—and I must add, an American, who in Germany would venture to speak about the nature of man—must remember Fichte. He cannot do otherwise. Fichte's time, like ours, was a time when the problem of human destiny lay heavily on men's minds. It is true that Fichte spoke to the German nation, but his voice carried beyond national boundaries and was heard by alien ears. His book, *Die Bestimmung des Menschen*, has become a book for mankind. It can be read today.

It may, however, be read in two ways, either to get an understanding of the philosophical ideas of Fichte's time, or to become intimate with a beautiful spirit. He who reads it in the first way can easily miss the experience which he who reads it in the second way is sure to have. The man Fichte impresses me as far greater than the peculiarities of his philosophy. I doubt if there are many thinkers today who can take seriously Fichte's own development of doubt, knowledge, and belief. It sounds a little too immature and outmoded. Its social, scientific, and literary background is different from ours. Yet doubt, knowledge, and belief remain. Human life is not yet rid of these three. They endure. Fichte wrestled with them to get a blessing. To illuminate them, he brought the best he knew and the best he could

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find. And he did illuminate them. He made them live. He challenged men to busy themselves seriously and deeply with doubt, knowledge, and belief. He challenges them today, when he is read in the light of his purpose. Man's nature demands a commitment. A man may doubt as he pleases and know what he can; but to be a man involves something more. What do we look like? What do we look like when we observe ourselves and when, with an emancipated mind, we reflect on our journey in the noisy world and on our companions in that journey?

These are questions for philosophy. They are also questions which every man asks who is not content to view his life as a senseless event in the world. He expects philosophy to give him light and leadership. What may be said then of the philosophy of the present day? I fear that it has until recently shown timidity when these questions are asked, and a three-fold timidity.

First it has shown timidity when confronted with the belief in something supernatural in the nature of man. It is not necessary today to exhibit in detail the powerful influence which this belief has had on all branches of philosophy. It is sufficient to note that it has fixed the controlling terms which philosophy uses when it considers what is peculiar in the nature of man. We discuss whether we are heavenly or earthly creatures. To find what is heavenly, we turn to religious doctrines or to the assertion that thinking itself puts man somehow in a position above nature. To find the earthly, we turn to the natural sciences. These alone should determine what we are to understand by nature. But the language of these sciences is not the language of the soul. Their words are not the words we use when we reflect on life and death. Yes; we discuss what we are. We rarely directly and positively inquire. Philosophy, when busied about humanity, is usually controversial. It should cease to be that. It should cease to waver between an idea of man and idea of nature which are opposed to each other from the start. Is it really possible to believe that man is something which must be put into one or the other of two antecedently prepared worlds?

Philosophy has also shown itself timid in the face of the positive sciences. We are accustomed to boast that these sciences are the greatest intellectual achievement of modern times. This they are beyond a doubt. But they are this because they are positive. They have taught

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us that we can hope to find the laws of nature only as we are willing to be impartial towards events; and that the finding of the laws of nature puts us in a position to plan and enjoy with a purpose. The success of the positive sciences could easily raise the suspicion that philosophy itself should be equally positive. To be sure, there is a wide-spread positivism. It impresses me, however, as not strong enough, as not thoroughly positive, and as not relentlessly carried out. It regards human life, and particularly the life of the soul, in much the same way as any idealistic philosophy regards them. It sees in the soul a source of error and foolishness, the moment we regard the soul as a source of genuine information regarding the laws of nature. Idealistic philosophy, on the other hand, seems to be content with posing as an unanswerable criticism of positivism. This is easy, because it is obvious that we win knowledge and control of nature only through the exercise of the soul's activities. So for decades we have had systems of philosophy at war, and the war has always had a cautious eye directed towards the positive sciences. Both sides have been afraid of them. Positivism will do nothing to hurt them, and idealism will let them go their own way undisturbed and in isolation. Only about the beginning of the century has philosophy, with self-consciousness and energy, tried to become fully as independent and positive as the natural sciences. It has begun to be less fearful of what they have to say and to take them at their face-value. It will no longer allow that they alone determine either what man or what nature is.

There is a third example of timidity. When I was a student in Berlin in the last century it was common to hear that psychology had become at last a positive and experimental science. Since that time psychology has made extraordinary progress. Its pace has been so rapid and its changes so dramatic, that one often wonders what will eventually become of it. Until recently the other sciences were content to leave the study of the soul wholly to psychology. The soul lay beyond their territory. Psychology itself has changed this attitude. In its positive development it finds the need of physiology and physics. It turns to the study of animals, the apes and insects. It would become biological. It seeks help from the new biophysics and biochemistry. Its scope becomes constantly broader and its relations to other sciences increasingly closer. One result of this remarkable

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development is that psychology seems to have lost the human soul. Perhaps it would be better and more proper to say, that the soul has been progressively transformed, until it has at last become no more than the physiological, physical, and chemical behavior of human beings. We no longer have a soul or the soul is no longer a thing we can have. It is rather what we do, our activity as a whole. Philosophy has often regarded this progress of psychology as the progress of a lost son, although few psychologists seem anxious to return to the parental mansion. But we may well ask, has the effort of psychology to become an independent natural science been a gain or a loss for philosophy? Faced with this question philosophy seems to be timid. Only recently has it tried with a clear consciousness to see what it can make out of a man without a soul.

It is natural to man to form opinions about the world and to try to orient his life within its boundaries. So philosophers have affirmed many times. The affirmation amounts to much more and has a deeper meaning than a justification of philosophy. It means that philosophy is in no need of justification at all. It needs a justification as little as do the singing of birds, the blossoming of plants, or the velocity of light. Whatever is natural to anything in nature, is natural to it. In this respect all things and all procedures are equal. There is no privileged procedure. This we should have learned. As we learn it and value it, we gain a clear consciousness that philosophy is not an answer to the question, why is there a world with men in it, but an analysis of such a world, with basal emphasis on the fact that the world contains men for the same sort of reasons as it contains birds and plants and light. It holds them all together. There are not two worlds, to be played off against each other, one with men and one with all sorts of other things. I find it impossible to think that the world is divided into two the moment a man perceives it or thinks about it. If that were true, then I should have to believe that the world is so divided the moment the sun shines or an electron swings. I can not look upon the activity of man as an exception. Our philosophy should be wholly positive.

I am not thinking of a revival of the positivism of the nineteenth century. I have already said, that kind of positivism was essentially a handmaid of the positive sciences. It was also the handmaid of cherished educational, social, and political theories. It was not inde-

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pendent and free. It boasted that it looked upon man as a natural being, but when it was through with man's life it saw in all that is most characteristically human little more than visionary dreams, the natural sciences alone excepted. Man lost thereby his natural rights. Yet animals, plants, and atoms were left to go their natural way in the world. The demand that philosophy be positive calls for something quite different. It is a demand for independence, freedom, and a release from timidity.

That book of Fichte's closed with belief. We often ask, what should we believe? This is not, I think, as a first question, the question suited to the intellectual temper of the present. We have accustomed ourselves to disbelieve. We doubt, and even about knowledge itself. But why? That is the first question. The answer is not hard to find although it lies deep down in the history of the Western World.

We hear of the decay of the Western World. But what is it that has really decayed? It is impossible to find in the whole history of the human race a century which can compare with ours in the mastery of those material forces and means which are the foundations on which a noble and brilliant civilization can be erected. Here there can be no thought of a decay. Here we stand on a height of which others have dreamed but which none has ever reached before. The suspicion of decay touches only our spirituality. Education, politics, morals, society, the give and take among men, and art itself—all exhibit nervousness, vacillation, and folly. They seem to have fallen into an extreme of confusion. They are not quickened and inspired by ideals like those—so many believe—that quickened our ancestors, even when they departed from them. It is hard, however, to believe that we are really worse men than our ancestors. The evidence may well point the other way. Yet it is not to be denied that daily there are fewer and fewer people who believe as our fathers believed. To have such a faith has become well-nigh impossible. The reason lies, not in a decay of human nature, but in the character of the history of the Western World.

Our ancestors believed what they were taught to believe. They had to go to school, and to a school wherein they were not taught to consider their own experience and thereby gain ideas and ideals that were appropriate to it, but to a school in which they were taught the ideas and ideals of other peoples, ideas and ideals which had their

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source in a different civilization and were appropriate to a different experience. These alien ideas and ideals floated before their consciousness as the norms which should determine what their experience ought to be. They ought to think like Greeks, plunder like Romans, and pray like Christians. But they were themselves something different. Every now and then they became conscious of this, and then there was a revolution. The history of the Western World, intellectually considered, is the history of the education of new peoples, but an education which would compel them to think and to feel like the peoples of a foreign world, and which through this compulsion sowed the seeds of revolution. The current opposition between old and new is not the ordinary opposition between parents and children but something much deeper. It is the opposition between a tradition of foreign origin and the desire to be oneself. The Western World takes no delight in speaking Latin; it prefers to speak its own languages. It would lead its own life. It does not seem strange, therefore, that today we would rather free ourselves from history than learn from it. It is not strange that we have become so unsettled and vacillating. We will have our own experience. But who knows what that experience is or should be? What should we believe? The answer can still wait a little. What should we not believe if we would really learn something from our history?

When I consider the results of the historical criticism of human opinions, philosophical, religious, or otherwise, and also the results of positive inquiry into natural events, I am compelled to conclude that we should not believe that man is an exception in the natural history of the world. He comes from nature and to nature he returns. He comes and he goes like any other event in the world; and the world exists for his sake as little as it exists for the sake of anything else. We should not believe differently. There are many who will believe differently. But they will to believe; and the "will to believe," although it may often be a comfort, is not an attitude which is intellectually grounded. I would not fight about words. A philosopher like William James, for example, may hold that all knowledge is at bottom a belief, but the distinction between what is believable and what is not believable remains. What I would affirm is this: in the face of all our discoveries, it has become intellectually impossible to believe that man is not a natural being in the same sense as

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animals, plants, and atoms. We may put this unbelievable thing away in the interest of hopes and fears, but we cannot think it away when we thoughtfully and purposefully plan for our daily life.

This negative attitude should be transformed into a positive attitude. It is not enough to believe that we are not otherwise than we are. We should believe that we really are what we are. The development of a thoroughly naturalistic philosophy seems to me to be essential if philosophy is to point out to modern men what the love of wisdom really means. Naturalism is becoming daily more popular. This fact, however, witnesses neither to its truth nor its solidity. It witnesses rather to the profound impression which the results of modern criticism and research have made upon modern living and popular thinking. What we call "modern" is no longer a matter of literary or artistic eccentricity. It is a spirit which has permeated the whole of our social, moral, economic, and religious life. The new is sought, the old is discarded. We repeatedly hear that the age-long institutions of mankind are no longer suited to the needs of the day. They have confined and repressed the natural desires and enjoyments of men, although it is only with the fulfilment of desire that life finds satisfaction. Naturalism is becoming increasingly popular.

It is, however, rarely confident and relentlessly carried out. With us it is a young philosophy and often youthful. It exhibits excitement rather than depth. The bonds of tradition and authority fall away and there comes a sense of freedom which would let every man lead his life as he pleases. It demands social, moral, and economic arrangements which will insure favorable opportunities for living. Yes, insurance of living is what is demanded, and even government is expected to provide it. There is little serious thought about the question. What does it really mean to be a child of nature? What is the nature of man?

Few philosophers and still fewer psychologists have attained a clear knowledge of the fact that this incorporation of man into nature is of the greatest metaphysical significance. They seem to be content with the conclusion that something thereby has happened to man. He has been changed. His relatives have been changed. He is no longer a child of God and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. His once high position in the cosmos has been abased. His relatives have become the animals, the plants, and the atoms, and this is taken

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to mean that the nature of man is to be found at last in the nature of the atom. There are a few who can find in Heisenberg's principle of indeterminism the hope that there is yet a Promethean spark of freedom in the world, but beyond this the incorporation of man into nature is a profound transformation of what he is, a change of his destiny and his relationships.

The popular attitude agrees with this conclusion. It is thought that naturalism gives to men chiefly their animal rights. Man has become an animal. His intelligence is only an instrument of his animal life to be used to find channels through which his natural impulses may healthfully and freely flow. This is what both the followers and the opponents of naturalism usually affirm. In this affirmation the former find joy and hope, and the latter shame and destruction.

Shall we, however, make haste to become either followers or opponents? It is still possible, even in these revolutionary times, to find an hour for a little deeper reflection on the whole matter. The current conclusion from naturalism is not the only conclusion, and perhaps not the most correct, that may be drawn. The incorporation of man into nature may well do something to man, but it must also do something to nature. It is impossible that the word "nature" can mean the same after this incorporation that it meant before. The incorporation is really revolutionary. It does not permit us to think of nature as if it were wholly predetermined, irrespective of man's incorporation into it. What has naturalism really done to man? It has most certainly changed him. But how? It has changed him from an illustration of what nature is not, to a profound illustration of what nature is. He reveals what nature is fully as much as any other natural event. The nature of man and the nature of nature go together.

This truth is the lesson taught by the whole history of philosophy. Thinking about man and thinking about nature have always gone together. In the history of thought, nature and man have always formed either an opposition or a unity. When they are opposed, then it is obvious that the nature of man cannot be found in the nature of nature. When they are not opposed, then it is equally obvious that what nature is, is closely and basically bound up with what man is. The failure to recognize this, or the fear of the consequences of recognizing it, has been responsible in large measure for the vacillations and follies of naturalism. Otherwise how could it be possible for any

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one to believe that animals, plants, and atoms are better and more important examples of what nature really is than man himself? How could naturalism be looked upon as a debasement of man and not an elevation of nature? How could so many naturalists believe that physics and chemistry, rather than metaphysics, reveal nature's character? I must affirm that the incorporation of man into nature restores metaphysics to freedom, independence, and confidence. It regains its position as the primary discipline which lies at the basis of any reflective consideration of existence.

The nature of man and the nature of nature go together. A thorough-going naturalism will not separate them. It will not allow us to think of nature as something first created or first discovered, and then man added to introduce confusion. It forbids the myth of creation and also that substitute for it, which is so often constructed on the foundations of what we call the natural sciences. Since there are men and atoms, nature can be no more adequately defined without men than it can be without atoms. Man himself discloses the kind of nature in which atoms can exist fully as much as atoms disclose the kind of nature in which man can exist. A naturalistic philosophy should not think of nature as something first created or first defined which only tolerates the existence of man in some mysterious manner. Does nature tolerate the atoms; or the vegetables; or the birds? Such questions are absurd. For nature is equally tolerant of everything that happens and everything that happens is equally tolerant of her. And that means that she cannot be something first created or first found, to be followed by whatever happens. She is something quite different. She is what events together disclose in their mutual relations to one another—activity illustrating law. Man explains nature only in the sense that he discovers her, and he discovers her only as a consequence of the fact that his whole life from birth to death, from walking to thinking, is a genuine co-working with what she is. The question why and how man lives, how and why he walks and thinks, is, in principle, the same sort of question as why and how the atoms move. This does not mean that the movement of atoms is the thinking of a man, or that thinking is some curious addition to motion, but that both motion and thinking are a co-working with nature under controlling laws. A thorough naturalism may not think of something already prepared for the happening of events. It demands not only

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an emancipation from a traditional conception of man; it demands also an emancipation from a traditional conception of nature.

I hope I have now made clear my own attitude towards naturalism. When I speak of my own attitude, I do not think of a personal discovery. I mean the attitude to which I have been led by the study of the history of philosophy and the movements of thought in our time. Naturalism is a discovery with me only in the sense that it impresses me as the philosophy which thinking men would gladly accept if only they could believe it. We do not like to look upon nature as our enemy. Our daily life seems so obviously to be an opportunity to accomplish something lasting and worth while; and life is the only thing we know that seems to offer such an opportunity. This is fact. It is not speculation or a dream. It is not even a belief. It is fact. Belief arises only when we reflect on the fact and wonder whether it forces us to break the world in two. Two, we would rather not have. It is our errors, our difficulties, our embarrassments, which incline us to divide the world. Yet without these we could not be co-workers with nature. Without them possibilities would be impossible. I would not admit a division; I would believe in a unity. I must believe that nature reveals herself in man more adequately than in anything else; that in him her laws come to expression and meaning; that human life is not set over against nature but is nature illuminated and inspirited. And then I turn again to history.

Naturalism is not an historically new philosophy. The modern kind is new only in the sense that it is not founded on the naturalisms of the past but is a product of modern science, modern psychology, modern criticism, and the technological demands of modern life. It is a challenge to us to revolutionize our traditional thinking. The first consequence is not surprising. Man feels himself changed. He asks what he has lost and what he has gained. He does not first ask what nature has lost and what she has gained. But it is just this question which he must ask at last. Then he may well turn to history. Then he may find a genuine interest in the naturalisms of the past.

I select from the nature philosophies of the past, and particularly from that of Aristotle, a principle to emphasize. I would call it the principle of propriety. In his exposition of nature as something dynamic and progressive Aristotle used two principles which have profoundly influenced subsequent thinking, the principle of natural

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powers and the principle of natural proprieties. We usually think that the principle of the conservation of energy has freed us from the first. I doubt that we are right but this may be left here unconsidered. To the principle of proprieties we still hold. On it depends the discovery of the lawfulness of nature. Or I would rather say that it is the discovery of proprieties which leads us to the formulation of the laws of nature. We seek everywhere for what is peculiar or proper to the operations of things. When we find it we formulate a law. I doubt that examples are necessary. Perhaps it is enough to say that we try to find, not any velocity, but the proper velocity of light, which can be held to be constant when we formulate the laws of what we observe. On the discovery of this proper velocity much depends. Determinations or characteristics like this together make up the propriety of nature.

We might therefore define nature as a realm or sphere or even an assemblage of proprieties. I prefer the world "realm," not because it is poetic and suggests a government, although these are good reasons enough, but because it carries with it all that law implies. When, however, I define nature as such a realm, I do not imply that nature was once upon a time teleologically arranged. I am fond of teleology but not of a teleology of that sort. Teleology is what the events of nature reveal and without it these events would not be intelligible to us. We understand a thing when we have discovered what it can do in relation to other things. In different relations it acts differently but in every case with a definiteness in accord with its propriety. Its operation in specific cases is a specific operation which none the less illustrates its proper action. If this is not teleology I wonder what teleology can be. In this kind of teleology we find the usefulness and usability of things; and the source of these characters is not in us but in the proprieties of nature.

Now what have these observations, which are for the most part obvious and naïve, to do with man and the nature of man? Much, I believe. Guided by the philosophy of naturalism we have incorporated man wholly within nature. This now means, that with respect to human life there is propriety in nature fully as much as in any other instance. Man, from his lowest physiological functions to the highest aspirations of his thought, illustrates the propriety of nature. The world in which he lives is controlled not only by physical and

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chemical laws; it is controlled also by logical, moral, and spiritual laws. Otherwise how could man doubt or know or believe? When a man walks, we readily admit that nature is appropriate to his walking. When he sees or thinks, should we say something different? Should we say something different even when he prays? He is doing what is natural. A thoroughgoing naturalism can not avoid the conclusion that nature is as adapted to the life of man as it is to animals, plants, and atoms. To be so adapted nature must be so arranged and ordered that the spiritual life of man is not alien to her. The nature of man and the nature of nature coincide.

It seems possible, therefore, that philosophy can develop a valid positivism, a valid realism, a valid naturalism, which will teach that the world does not exist for other purposes than its own. It exists as something to be experienced in order to discover the possibilities its existence offers. Metaphysically considered, the world is very much like what children, poets, and the man in the street take it to be—something out of which something can be made; and to make something out of it is what everything in it seems bent on doing, from atoms to man. Nature is not a creation but the challenge and the opportunity to create. She is the enemy of nothing. She is like a God who loves all his children equally in order to show his love unequal only as the impulse to create extends wider and wider. We may well remember the words of Aristotle: "Even the stone would become a doorstep; and all things strive after the divine."

Such a philosophy may be lightly dismissed as childish and poetic. But there are children and poets in the world as well as hydrogen. It may be condemned as anthropomorphic. Old Xenophanes is credited with the remark: "If oxen and lions had hands and could paint, oxen would paint gods as oxen, and lions, as lions." He forgot the important matter; namely, that neither oxen nor lions have hands. They do not paint. He who has hands and can paint is a man. And who dares affirm that oxen and lions exist in order to cheapen men? This is childish and poetic philosophy of that kind which has always quickened and inspirited the strivings of men. And I often wonder why some of us seem to be uncomfortable when confronted with the childlike and poetic. It is not, however, because this philosophy is childlike and poetic that I turn to it. It is because it impresses me as grounded in the nature of things. What I have here expressed in

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poetic language could also be expressed in language which would sound scientific. But the language which sounds scientific does not reach to the full extent of man's nature. The birds can be scientifically analyzed. Still they sing. They are machines, if we will; but they are singing machines, and he who forgets the singing has not discovered what birds naturally and really are.

I believe that naturalism is a good philosophy for mankind. To have a philosophy of some sort belongs to the nature of man. When, however, we consider the leading nations and peoples of the present world, what do we find? Do they see eye to eye? Are they at one in the desire to honor man and to care for him? Have they the same respect for him as they have for chemistry? Has the modern world a vision, like that of Christendom, which can inspire men even when they depart from it and sin against it? Perhaps some will say, yes. There is democracy, there is socialism, there is communism, there is capitalism, there is fascism. But what do these names name? Surely not ideals of human life but different methods of administration. There is no doubt that our happiness and well-being are bound up with methods of administration, but there is also no doubt that the successful carrying through of any method depends, not on its character, but on the character of its administrators. Communism as well as capitalism can ruin mankind. One cannot overlook the fact that the modern world cries to heaven for a strong, orderly, and wise administration. With that which is current we have not gone very far. We are suffering from eccentricities, fears, and egotisms. We are suffering from the common human failing of blaming others for our own negligence. Mankind always suffers when it has neither a religion nor a philosophy to quicken and inspire.

> Das Wahre war schon längst gefunden,
> Hat edle Geisterschaft verbunden,
> Das alte Wahre, fass es an.

Yes, we suffer from administration and from conditions which are socially, politically, and economically extraordinarily complicated. But who can be so foolish as to believe that any administration can be invented which will automatically free men once for all from suffering? We must hold fast to the old truth. Human salvation lies in inspiration, in a conception of the nature of man, which rises above

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his daily life to become its ideal and its judge. Man must see something in the sky which illuminates his earthly pilgrimage and criticizes it.

What can a man see in the sky? A naturalistic philosophy should teach that he can see all that the astronomer sees through his telescope and elaborates with the help of mathematics. But that is not all. He can also see how the sky affects his sensibility—the impression of infinity upon infinity, the consequent lifting and humbling of his spirit, the impulse to reflect and reflect until he feels himself incorporated in the whole, the consequent awakening in him of the suspicion that his life is committed, committed to possibilities which reach far beyond his daily joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—he can see that it is this kind of seeing that makes him a man and reveals to him what it really means to live with other men and to live with nature. Looking through a telescope is not the only valid experience which nature allows. Spiritual experience is also an experience of nature, and it is this experience alone which quickens and inspires living. So should naturalism teach when it tries to be a philosophical guide to mankind.

Perhaps I should say something about the practical applications of a philosophy like this. But I have thought that on this occasion an expression of my philosophical point of view would be expected. I can bring this together in a sentence: It has become impossible for me to believe that a world in which perceiving and thinking and longing actually exist as facts can be a world which must be philosophically divided because these facts exist in it. So far as practice is concerned I will emphasize only the obvious. We should learn from what our experience of nature is. That is our duty. It is a real duty because our inclination is to have experiences instead of learning from them. Really to learn involves the setting aside of what is visionary or deceptive or only egotistical. It involves the sustained criticism of life in the presence of life's emergencies. I venture to use the war as the best example that could today be chosen.

With good reasons we speak of it as the World War. That means something far deeper than the fact that nearly all the peoples of the world became involved in it. It means that through the war we have all had a profound common experience which should teach us something about the needs of the modern man. Historians may search for

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the causes of the war. That is undoubtedly interesting and important. But what the war has to teach does not depend upon its causes. Causes concern its beginning but not its end. In 1914 the observer asked who started the war and why; who would be victor and what the victor would gain? In 1918 where were observers to be found? Then the question was: To what purpose? The nations feared not only each other; they were afraid of themselves. How could this terrible disease be brought to an end? How could the exhausted nations recover? Such were the great questions. They remain the great questions still. When they are forgotten the terrible disease again threatens. To be sure the war revealed the rivalry and self-seeking of the nations, but there was no need of a war to reveal that. That we knew well enough without seeking a proof of it. The important thing which the war revealed was that rivalry and self-seeking of nations are things unsuited to modern times and to modern life. The war showed that they are antiquated. Against them are arrayed the forces of our time which are daily growing and which will control in the end. That dreadful and common experience has demonstrated that the claims of men have passed far beyond the claims of nations, and that the nations must change their mode of thinking if they are to save and to serve the modern world.

This is easy to say and it is often said. Men have dreamed long ago of a parliament of the world, but it has been of a parliament that they have dreamed. Is it really longer possible to believe that a parliament like those of the past is entirely suited to our needs? If we would learn from the experience of the war and from its consequences, we should begin with men. We should go from the home to the nation and not from the nation to the home. I do not doubt that questions of national boundaries, national armies, national navies, and national security are weighty questions, but I doubt much more whether these are the questions with which the modern world should begin or which concern its permanent good. We are afraid of another war. But is it not worth while to ask whether it is not really dangerous to let the opposition between war and peace be the determining principle of our thinking and planning? Shall we discuss the carrying of guns when we sit around a table? We should think of other things, of labor, of business, of education, of the nature of man. What advantage does the modern world get from victory or defeat?

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The victors may easily go to ruin and the defeated become a sore. The war has clearly shown that labor, business, and education are the things on which the welfare of the modern world depends. These are the things which are determining more and more the internal and external policy of the nations. The history of mankind has brought us to this position, and the war has made this movement of history clear. It was a terrible experience, but it ought not to be profitless to have had it. We should not think in terms of having it again but in terms of its lessons. This is what philosophy should teach. But it should be taught inspired by an ideal of human life, which like a vision will reveal that labor, business, and education are good because through them man comes nearer to what he calls divine. And to be divine is not to conquer other men or even nature. It is to honor both.

A new world—that we would gladly have. The forces of our time are bent on having it. These forces have their source, not in political theories, but in the occupations and needs of human life. Mankind will have a new world. Its will is set upon this with increasing clearness and increasing power. But what kind of a new world? Shall philosophy sit still and leave mankind to be enticed by all sorts of administrative theories, theories which encourage the hope that, through their adoption, we shall automatically come to happiness and salvation? Shall philosophy not rather teach that no administration can be successful if it is not inspired by a consciousness of the natural destiny of man which reveals that human life is a commitment, that nature has so determined it because she has disclosed in man what can be made out of her adaptability? In man she has revealed what her forces can accomplish; in him she has become visible; in him she has become knowable; in him she has awakened the desire to bring his life to a consummation which justifies itself and over which a God might rejoice. In him she has fostered the belief that life itself is a demand and a need of nature. These are the foundations on which philosophy should build.

What should we believe? The voice of Fichte still speaks. It summons us to consider our character and our destiny, and to believe that these can never be divorced from the character and destiny of nature at large. They go together; and in the hearty acceptance of their going together is to be found the quickening of the human spirit.

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A New Day for Scholarship

FRANK AYDELOTTE
President of Swarthmore College

I BELIEVE that we can already see the dawn of a new day of finer things for Phi Beta Kappa; I believe that the conception of liberal scholarship for which this Society stands is coming to be taken seriously in this country as it has never been before.

We must face the fact that in the rapid development of our higher educational institutions during the last two generations the ideal of Phi Beta Kappa has not always been our guiding light. With the immense influx of new students which came immediately after the World War it was a very serious question whether the level of intellectual work in this country was not going to be reduced to the mediocre standard attainable by the average. Happily the danger of that result has encouraged our colleges and universities to meet the threat against our intellectual standards by raising them. Our best defense has proved to be an offense, and all over the country standards of work are being improved and we are looking at educational problems from an entirely different point of view. The time is not far past when we all took special pains to help students who were below the average so that they might if possible get some kind of degree. Now we are beginning to take special pains to provide suitable opportunities for students who are above the average; that is, to help those individuals for whom our universities primarily exist, to develop themselves to the greatest possible extent.

The resulting improvement in the standard of work in our colleges and universities is extremely satisfactory. Much remains to be done, but we have much for which to congratulate ourselves in the record of the past ten years. We are setting a new pace, and our undergraduates are taking their academic work more seriously than any one could have expected ten years ago.

We are coming to realize also that our educational institutions exist for the purpose of providing the student with an opportunity to learn rather than for the purpose of providing an opportunity for

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the professor to teach. The difference between the two conceptions is very important. I feel certain that as time goes on our professors will lecture less and our students will learn more. I know this is not the universal opinion. At a meeting of the Association of American Colleges a few years ago one president criticised this contention of mine very severely. He pointed out that our professors had spent a great many years in getting their Ph.D.'s and in accumulating the material which they use in their lectures, and he thought it only fair to them that the students should be compelled to sit passively and hear them. The idea that a student may do something better for himself by active work on his own account than by sitting passively in a lecture is still strange in many of our colleges and universities, but my prediction is that it will be more familiar in the future.

Another sign of the new day which I hail with delight is the increasing criticism of our conventional course and credit system. I doubt whether ten years from now we shall have much of it left, and I think it would be a good thing if it vanished entirely. A conception of the A.B. degree as equal to 120 interchangeable credit hours is a foolish travesty on the educational process. We must substitute for it new and larger units of study and less frequent and more severe examinations so that our students will address themselves to the mastery of a field of knowledge rather than to the accumulation of a specified quantity of tidbits of credit. When that happens, we shall no longer elect students to Phi Beta Kappa on the basis of average grades, and our Society will be the better for the change.

Still another sign of the new day is the increasing study which is being made in this country of the fine and difficult art of examination. We have not realized fully enough in the past that one important function of a university is to separate the intellectual sheep from the goats, to measure progress, to enforce standards. If we do this wisely enough and sincerely enough, we shall need to worry less about teaching. If our standards are clearly understood, our students will conform to them willingly and generously. They will find their own ways of meeting them and will learn through their own initiative without the necessity of dull spoon-feeding.

It is another characteristic of the change that is taking place in American education that we are beginning to think about quality

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rather than numbers, and that is a very great change indeed. When I went to Swarthmore, a friend inquired of me how large the College was. I replied that we had five hundred students. "Fine!" he said, "I hope you will soon have five thousand." It would not be so difficult now as ten years ago to explain to such a person that probably nothing would be worse for a college than a sudden expansion from five hundred to five thousand. All over the United States colleges and universities are beginning to limit their numbers in the interests of quality, and I am sure that many more will do so in the future.

The result of the movements to which I have alluded will be to bring our intellectual standards up to those of Europe and as much higher as we can make them. All this means a great future for Phi Beta Kappa and for the ideals for which Phi Beta Kappa stands. It means furthermore that Phi Beta Kappa has some responsibility in this connection and must assist in this process, partly by her conservatism, by being faithful (which will be easy) to her standards, and partly by her progressive imagination, which will be more difficult. It seems to me that the Phi Beta Kappa of the future must be at once conservative and radical. So many men have been so dissatisfied with our educational processes in the past that every kind of experiment is being tried in the hope of improvement. It is inevitable that in some of these experiments men will forget the very ends which they are trying to serve, and in repudiating pedantry and stupidity will at the same time repudiate standards of thorough scholarship.

In these perplexing days our Society should be both progressive and critical. There is no organization in the country that is better fitted to assume the critical attitude than Phi Beta Kappa. We must keep that attitude and never forget the standards which alone justify our existence as a society.

At the same time we should, I think, welcome experiments. Even though a given experiment is not successful it will at least prove what will not work, and that in itself is a step in advance. This new journal should keep us informed of all that is being done and thought toward the improvement of our higher education and at the same time express the sanity and the devotion of the Society to the old principles which new methods are devised to carry out.

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Charles E. Garman—Amherst's Scholar—Teacher

JULIUS SEELYE BIXLER
Smith College

FOR Amherst graduates of the 80's and 90's the name of Charles E. Garman is one with which to conjure. At reunions and Commencement gatherings his work and personality are still referred to with a respect which amounts almost to reverence. When his former students describe him, superlatives are the order of the day. The memory of their association with him is, according to one, "the most sacred and cherished memory of college days." "It is impossible," writes another, "to express to one who never knew his classroom, the reverence and affection which Garman's pupils felt for him." And again: "Nothing could equal the deep and intense interest of that group of college boys. Discussion never stopped with the classroom. It went on everywhere. . . . Underclassmen dubbed us crazy and shook their heads in amused contempt." Nor did he lack recognition from his professional colleagues in philosophy. While Garman was still living, James wrote of the "extraordinary" effects of his teaching, "not only on the intellect, but on the character of those who have come under his influence"; Moore spoke of him as one of "that select circle of philosophers who take the teaching of philosophy seriously and who succeed, therefore, in getting students to take philosophy seriously"; Lovejoy remarked that he held a unique position among American teachers of philosophy; and Dewey commented on his "extraordinary influence" and on the disproportionately large number of Amherst graduates who because of it had taken the teaching of philosophy as their life work.

Garman achieved his success before education had become a separate field of psychological inquiry, and his methods furnish an interesting illustration of the extent to which a "born teacher" with an intuitive grasp of the teaching situation could anticipate the results of experimental research. The subject matter of his courses does not reveal any striking originality or uniqueness. He conducted his students through four main fields—psychology, epistemology, the his-

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tory of philosophy, and ethics, making no secret of the fact that the ethical section furnished the inspiration for the whole, and that one of his chief aims was the cultivation of his students' ability to solve ethical problems. In the psychological part the class discussed the comparative merits of associationism as against a theory which recognized the power of mind as a free agent to "weigh evidence" and to take logical considerations into account. In the epistemological and historical sections assignments were made from Descartes, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, also, as foils for Garman's own rebuttal arguments, from Mill, Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley. In the ethical section the notion of "sovereignty" was stressed. By sovereignty, Garman meant the peculiar relationship between intellect and will which compels a man to act when truth is in his possession. Through knowledge man becomes a participant in his world. Garman argued that the possibility of science and the capacity man has of judging between alternatives, taken with his sense of moral responsibility, point to the existence of a spiritual world. Man gains his full development by doing his part as a moral agent, recognizing the laws of "righteousness" as opposed to those of "expediency." Sacrificial effort for the moral ideal is reasonably justified since the interests of the self are ultimately one with those of the community. A world in which thought is possible and ethics is required implies, as the principle of its unity, a thinking Subject who brings cosmos out of chaos. Man therefore finds his ethical devotion justified by a God of order and of the moral law. Epistemology and ethics both lead to theism. This bare outline may suffice to show that so far as content was concerned Garman's course was cast in what was for the time a fairly conventional mold. Yet, as Professor Tufts, discussing it, once wrote, great artists have often used few tools and simple materials. It is not what Garman taught which interests us so much as the way he taught it.

When we examine his methods we are impressed at once by their modern quality. A part of his secret is undoubtedly found in the remark already alluded to that ethics furnished the inspiration for the work of the entire course. The problems of philosophy, as Garman treated them, were always made to seem of tremendous practical import. His own seriousness of purpose was contagious and for his pupils as for himself the issues of speculative activity were seen to be

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the issues of life. Garman met his students not so much as one who would furnish them with data, but rather as one who would embark with them upon a common cooperative enterprise, the outcome of which was a matter of life or death. He entered into endless discussions, after the closing bell, at his home with groups or individuals, after graduation when alumni made special trips back to talk with him, and often through correspondence with graduates who asked his advice upon special problems. In addition to this friendly interest and desire to be of practical assistance we notice an unusual facility in the handling of illustrative material, an unconventionally large amount of time and energy spent in the analysis and criticism of student papers, and a conscientious attempt in the classroom to present problems rather than solutions. Garman was one of the first teachers in America to discard the lecture system. He did lecture at times, but the emphasis on the student's contribution was always a marked one. The most unique of his devices was the use of pamphlets printed by himself on a press set up in his own home. These presented material which otherwise would have had to go into lectures and so made possible the use of classroom time for discussion. They had another advantage in that, as they were distributed singly and then returned, each pamphlet stated its own problem and gave the student no chance to turn to the next chapter for the solution. It may well be believed that the distribution of these privately printed documents with the strict injunction that they should not fall into the hands of others stimulated student curiosity to an unusual degree. That Garman was deliberate and purposeful in his employment of these various means to encourage student participation is also evident from a remark he made relevant to his abandonment of the lecture method. "If I read lectures before the class to any extent," he wrote, "they become spectators."

The result, as we have seen, was unusual enthusiasm on the part of the students and extraordinary amount of adulation received by the teacher. Was it anything more? Did his classes actually gain more than a blind loyalty to Garman himself? To answer this it seems to be necessary to divide his students into two groups. The abler group unquestionably caught what Garman wanted them to catch, a capacity for independent judgment. They insist that Garman gave them not a set of ideas, but an intellectual method, not a series of

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conclusions, but a philosophical temper. Of the other and larger group it seems to be true that while some were infected by Garman's own passion for objective truth, others were so impressed by Garman himself that it seemed like heresy to try to improve on his own ideas and conclusions. Dazzled by the sublimity of the ideal of "weighing evidence" and by the significance for theory of the fact that such a procedure is possible, they forgot the practical importance of keeping the ideal in constant operation, and neglected it later when faced with ideas for which Garman's system left no room. Fired by the enthusiasm which Garman showed in indicating the ethical applications of his philosophical theory, they became less sensitive to the need for objective detachment on issues where prolonged scrutiny was required. To one who listens to reminiscences of his classroom it must seem that the atmosphere of a cult which surrounded his work was in part responsible for this. His students were devoted personal disciples. They were led by Garman from truth to truth with the understanding that however unsettling the preliminary part might be the course would leave them finally with a positive religious belief. An esoteric air was lent to their work through Garman's requirement that the pamphlets be not shown to persons outside the course and by his frequent refusal to admit visitors to the classroom. The feeling of his students that they were a band set apart must also have been increased by Garman's own personal qualities. A gaunt, spare figure with glowing eyes, an ascetic mien, an unusually musical voice, a prodigious memory and a gift for eloquence, the possessor of a somewhat delicate constitution which involved extra robes and blankets as part of his costume, involved also his being driven to class and spirited away afterward, a man who was eagerly sought at all hours of the day by groups of devoted listeners to whom he discoursed eloquently upon profound themes,—in the light of all this he must have seemed to many like a veritable prophet whose vision was not of this world. It is not wholly surprising that to a fairly large proportion of his pupils "Garman's ideas" should have had the ring of finality, and his "system" should have seemed the last word which could be spoken upon the problems of human life and destiny.

Yet there remains, whatever is said of him, his amazing power as a teacher, and his unique record as a stimulus to others to become teachers on their own account. Garman's aims were similar to those

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of modern educational theory. He tried to introduce students to the subject matter of philosophy without obstructing their vision or allowing his own personal interests to obscure the universal aspect of the problems treated. With his ablest students he succeeded in achieving this aim. His relationship with some of the others was more like that which one frequently finds among teachers and students in European universities today. He was able, in their case, to impress his own personality upon them in such a way as to give a permanent direction to their intellectual and emotional life. If this influence went further at times than he intended, the fault must be said to lie chiefly in their inability to receive what he had to offer. In any attempt at appraisal we must remember also the religious circumstances in which education in a college like Amherst was at that time carried on and the definiteness of the expectation that instruction would not be allowed to undermine religious belief.

If a teacher is to be judged by what his students have accomplished Garman occupies a place shared by few. Among men in public life who have paid tribute to his influence are Coolidge, Morrow, Lansing, Stone, and Whitman. Of educational executives mention may be made of Parsons, Rhees, Stearns, Walker, and Woods. Most imposing is the list of former pupils who have contributed to the development of American philosophical and psychological theory. Among these Miss Calkins and Miss Cutler, who were Garman's pupils at Smith, should be noted, while a partial list of the Amherst men would include: Burnett, Delabarre, Lyman, Newlin, Norton, Pierce, Raub, Sharp, Swift, Tufts, Willcox, Woodbridge, and Woodworth. Garman published little. Characteristic and revealing is his remark in a letter to President G. Stanley Hall, "I have often raised the question as to whether I would not let down my course and take a little rest and devote myself to publishing." Prophetic of his own reputation are these further words: "To impress one's self on an immortal being—an impression time can never efface—may well excite the envy of angels in Heaven. It *is* immortality." As it is phrased on the tablet which in the Amherst College Church today stands to his memory: "He chose to write on living men's hearts."

For further reference: *Letters, Lectures, and Addresses of Charles Edward Garman.* Especially the Introduction by Professor James H. Tufts. *Eight O'Clock Chapel*, by C. H. Patton and W. T. Field. Chapter V.

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A Tribute to Samuel Wesley Stratton

KARL T. COMPTON

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

IN paying tribute to the memory of Dr. Stratton, to his greatness and fundamental kindness of character, I would review those distinguishing traits, and those ideals which are his real personality and which will continue to live. I should like to speak particularly of three of his characteristics which have seemed to me most to distinguish him.

First, I would call attention to Dr. Stratton's unassuming and generous spirit. Before I knew Dr. Stratton intimately, I knew of this characteristic through my many friends who were among the younger members of the staff of the Bureau of Standards. They told me of the great personal interest which he took in their work, of his help and frequent major collaboration, yet of his refusal to take any personal credit for the results achieved or to allow his name to appear on the published reports. He had only two objectives, to get the results and to give the younger men every possible opportunity and encouragement. Once last year he told me a bit of his early experience which may, in part, explain this attitude.

Early in his career as a physicist he had collaborated (and done most of the work) on an experiment that attracted world-wide attention. The work was announced and published under the senior collaborator's name, without mention of the younger man. Though Dr. Stratton continued to love and admire that senior collaborator, this circumstance hurt him so deeply that he vowed to himself that he would never, in all his life, allow himself even to come under a suspicion of claiming credit for anything which might in any way be attributable to another.

The second characteristic which has impressed me has been Dr. Stratton's complete absorption in his work and plans. In one sense we may say that he was single-minded. This does not mean that he was narrow-minded, because this is far from the case. But all his interests were closely together in his main objective, which was the

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better development and utilization of science in the service of man, particularly in industry. For example, he was a connoisseur and collector of rare china, but this was but one aspect of his interest and activity in improving the ceramic art. He was similarly fond of rare and exquisite tapestries, but this again was associated with his work in bringing science to the aid of the textile industry. He was an enthusiast over tools of precision and frequently found his recreation in his workshop. But this was because he saw in tools an important agency for making scientific discoveries.

One of his two conversations with me since his recent return from England also illustrates this point. It had to do with the customs and organization of the English universities. He was particularly interested in the differences between their and our customs and organization, but it was very evident that he was thinking about these and weighing them as to their advantage or disadvantage with respect to the objectives of service by science to industry.

His second conversation illustrates the third and last characteristic which has impressed me more than all the others: the consistency of his life and thought. He had a definite ideal and objective. Everything in his life was valued as good or bad according as it led toward or away from this ideal. He was perhaps unsympathetic and certainly impatient with things or people whose influence ran contrary to his ideal. Anything which blocked the path toward the ideal irritated him, just as anything which led toward it received his full support. All this was essentially impersonal. It was only the consistent reaction of a mind so devoted and absorbed in working for the great ideal in which he whole-heartedly believed that no conflicting or ambiguous attitude seemed possible or worthy of defense.

In this second conversation to which I referred, he discussed the establishment and strengthening of certain lines of study and research whose treatment is complicated by lack of precedent or personnel. He had seen striking evidences of the importance and success of these lines of work in certain foreign countries and insisted that we must not let our precedents, regulations, or limitations of any sort stand in the way of making a rapid and important advance in these directions.

In all this we have a picture of a remarkable character. There are few men whose whole life has been so consistent, straightfor-

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ward, and unswerving in its devotion to a particular form of public service and which has been carried on with such a complete elimination of self-interest. We mark the passing of a great man. At the same time we recognize the lasting importance of those things which were the mainspring of his life.

In conclusion I want to add this very brief personal tribute. Having always respected and admired Dr. Stratton for his accomplishments and because of what I knew to be the feelings toward him on the part of his colleagues, I have come, during the past year and a half of close acquaintance, to love him, almost as a father. I have had the opportunity to go behind his reserve and make some contact with his rich and affectionate spirit which to know was to love.

Edwin Anderson Alderman

JOHN FINLEY

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN will be remembered most affectionately, most proudly, as the first president of the University of Virginia and with like term of immortality. Here the democracy which for him ceased to be a theory when he was a teacher in North Carolina and embodied itself in living form, became for him the "most fruitful idea in the world." Here he found the most interesting mental and moral exercise to be the effort to try to understand its currents as they flow in the life of this nation and to interpret it through the University and to furnish a free people what they most need—"an unending succession of honorable, capable leadership." He used to tell the story of a Virginia lady who hesitated to ask a stranger where he was from for fear that he would have to confess that he was not from Virginia—which would make an awkward pause in the conversation. But though Dr. Alderman was not born in Virginia he was as to the manner born. Even Virginia was proud to claim him and without any awkward pause. President Wilson said when search was being made for a president of this University that he must incarnate the spirit of the South and that the ideal man was Alderman. Dr. Curry's statement of Dr.

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Alderman's aim became a prophecy: "To democratize the point of view of an aristocratic society, to revolutionize its impulses and operations, to stimulate the habit of community effort for public ends, to exemplify the ideal of social service to young men."

The old idea that it was the duty of the State to care for the university was in his administration turned about. It became the primary duty of the university to care for the State. The University of Virginia under his inspiring leadership during more than a quarter of a century has come to be more than a "secluded nursery for the production of scholars and gentlemen." It still performs that function, but it has come to be an institution to which all the people of the State may look for practical instruction and guidance.

But he has done more than enlarge and improve Jefferson's institution and lead it into a new era. He has been democracy's most eloquent voice in these later years. He has often spoken for America in shining and stately sentences that will be permanently preserved in American literature, and notably in his memorial oration before Congress on Woodrow Wilson. He made reference to the oration of Pericles over the Athenian dead in the opening sentences of his address, but he did not quote what Thucydides said by way of preface: "That the man, chosen by the State, who was regarded as best endowed with wisdom and foremost in public esteem, delivered an appropriate eulogy." I have reread Dr. Alderman's oration beside the oration of Pericles and there it deserves to be kept. And rereading the Olynthiacs of Demosthenes lately, at the excavating of Olynthus, I find nothing more eloquent in them. I am sure that neither Pericles nor Demosthenes could have spoken with a more melodious voice. It was as that of a well-loved viol, fashioned by Stradivarius "in mellow shapeliness" through which the lofty thought spoke, as the late poet laureate would have said, with "incantation of strange magic to charm the dreams that undreamt lurk in the unfathomed deep of new unfeatured hopes" of youth and "uttermost forms of all things that shall be." One remembers that this Stradivarian voice was broken for years but it was by our Northern airs so repaired that it became even mellower. The living voice that moved multitudes also "bears the colorless photography of print." Such sentences as this will illustrate this added tribute:

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To live in liberal and lofty fashion with hearts unspoiled of hate, eyes clear to see the needs of a new and mighty day, in a new and mighty land.

When a character in Michael Ireland's story of "The Return of the Hero" was dwelling upon the virtues of this great hero (the son of Cumhal, the son of Trenmor, the son of Subhalt, the son of Baoiscne, of the offspring of Nuada Necht)—and this might be describing Dr. Alderman's own lineage—he said with pure Celtic imagination that if he were to stretch himself out in a lengthy tongue from where he stood to distant Iorrus and if his audience were one ear from that selfsame place to Loch Lein of beautiful shores, it would fail him to tell a small part of the wisdom that his hero spoke, and he added:

For him to speak was a matter of right place and fortunate inclination not to be won by sweating. Wisdom is a beautiful shaping of life. It lives in the spoken word.

Dr. Alderman had that wisdom, won without sweating, as it seemed, though he prepared himself with infinite care for his utterances. There was with all his temporal responsibilities a beautiful shaping of life in him, and it showed itself most entrancingly and powerfully in the spoken word, by which he molded his world to the dream of his heart. Truth on his lips, courage in his heart, he triumphed—courage as he showed it in this fine definition though not his in words:

The habit of will that makes for the doing of what is to be done in spite of discomfort, disinclination, and pain, present and prospective.

And could there be a better suggestion of the wisdom that was his than of this same Celtic hero:

He told us to be true to all for that is due ourselves, to be gentle in the house for that is due our friends, to be surly in the pass for that is due our enemies, and to be in fear of none for that is due our God. Accept all that happens as best for that is due our destiny. Give back to every man full measure of his own giving for that is due for his instruction in the goodness of good things and the badness of bad.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in his story of his hunt after "The Captain"—the captain being the son who became Justice of the United

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States Supreme Court—describes a young wounded officer from North Carolina upon whom he came in his search "as of slight, scholastic habit"—who spoke as one accustomed "to tread carefully among the parts of speech." But though Dr. Alderman, son of North Carolina, was of scholastic habit he trod with swift step among the parts of speech, and they marched with instant, accurate, and loyal response to his aid in every battle into which he flung himself with spirit and what would seem to an ordinary speaker "abandon." They never failed him. "Happy," said a representative of Tulane University at the inauguration of President Alderman in the University of Virginia, "is the one who has him for spokesman."

The new art of speech, that has assistance of the microphone, suggests that the type of oratory which had its glorious flowering in him may not blossom again. While the magic of this instrument—what Milton would have called "the sounding alchemy"—gives such a speaker millions instead of hundreds or thousands for an audience, the manner of speech cannot be quite the same, lacking two elements in Cicero's definition of delivery: countenance and gesture. The written-spoken word on great occasions will, it now seems, take the place of the freely spoken word. Dr. Alderman's last great speech—the Wilson oration—was delivered with its aid. I hope that it has been preserved in his voice, that it may tell future generations what manner of speech crowned our language in our day. It will say to them: "Qualis vir, talis oratio." All that he was, however, escapes our telling to those who have not seen or heard him.

So completely did the man become word, which in turn compelled deeds, that we in thinking of his life praise the word of spirit rather than the material result, mighty as it was. I found by chance or predestiny a few nights ago lines by Archer Huntington that give fit inscription for the memorial of this man in your mortal field of immortality.

Not human deeds in cenotaphs we sing,
Nay, to the fleeting word that is man's ghost
We build our honours to enshrine the dust.
Man fades and all his shrunken time is lost,
Yet ever on its argent pinions floats
The grandeur of the word that was his soul.

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Editorial

Phi Beta Kappa's Opportunity

THE convention of the National Council of Phi Beta Kappa, which closes today, has brought to Brown University and Providence one of the most distinguished associations in the United States. The barometer, if not always the thermometer, has smiled upon its sessions this year. While there have been several public meetings, most have been of a business character. Such discussions as have been held have related in the main to the history of the Society or to college education. In view of the wide scope and varied activities of the members of the Society, this narrowing of its interest seems an unfortunate self-limitation.

The Society has been built up from the beginning, more than 150 years ago, by the election of the best scholars in each college admitted to membership. That the Society should take a vital interest in the quality of American education is a matter of course. But the overwhelming majority of its members are no longer students, but graduates. They are out in life. Their compelling interests have ceased to be academic. Therefore their conventions, after the necessary business has been conducted, might naturally be expected to deal with some of the great national interests which these extremely able Americans are conducting or sustaining—not merely those of a philanthropic nature, but art, literature, science, philosophy, statesmanship, the theater, journalism, and other great concerns in one or another of their manifold aspects. Is it too much to expect that the American people should look forward to yearly conventions of Phi Beta Kappa as likely to produce some of the most important public utterances of the year? It should not be too much; indeed, there is good hope that such a noble service may be realized. But, before it can be, it is evident that the Society must cut its leading strings, must throw off the domination of its college faculties, must become of age and assert its independence of academic leadership.

What is the existing situation? Two-thirds of the delegates to the

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present convention are in active college work. Three-fifths of the governing body are similarly academic. That these teachers should train and, by their ranking, select, year after year, the members of Phi Beta Kappa is a part of the very constitution of the Society; but that they, as themselves members, should continue to dominate its activities, is to keep it forever immature by retaining the emphasis on classroom and campus problems. This would not matter if Phi Beta Kappa existed solely unto itself. But America needs, and never more than today, the associated activity of this group of its best minds. The teachers have opportunities, all the way from the National Education Association to our own efficient Barnard Club, for conferring on their problems large or small. Phi Beta Kappa, on the other hand, is ideally organized to afford a great body of trained thinkers in every field of human interest a platform and a nation-wide hearing. Will it recognize and embrace its great national opportunity?—*The Providence Journal, September 11, 1931.*

The American Scholar

THE publication of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR as the successor to *The Phi Beta Kappa Key* was authorized by the Seventeenth National Council of Phi Beta Kappa in session at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, from September 9th to 11th, 1931. Time has not permitted the sending of announcements to all members of Phi Beta Kappa and to many others who may be interested in this undertaking.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR will be devoted to general scholarship. It will present articles which will appeal to persons who have general intellectual interests, perhaps as supplementary to technical or academic interests. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR invites articles and expressions of opinions from any source on matters within the scope of its objectives.

It is our hope that the magazine may become a reflection of the best that the scholars of America can offer. The section, "In the Realm of Scholarship," will, we believe, be able to secure from regular sources such information as will be of interest to scholars throughout the world.

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In the Realm of Scholarship

Excavations at Olynthus

DAVID M. ROBINSON
Johns Hopkins University

FROM March 25th to the end of June, 1931, with a staff of fifteen experts and about 350 workmen (mostly refugees from Asia Minor) in groups of fifteen, excavations were continued at Olynthus by the Johns Hopkins University Expedition under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. The results have exceeded those of 1928 on which four volumes have been published by the Johns Hopkins Press. The twenty-seven houses uncovered are superior in quality and preservation. The terra-cottas, of which about 400 were found, range from the stiff frontality of the sixth-century standing and seated figurines to the freedom of fourth-century dancing figures, rivalling those of Tanagra, and to all sorts of grotesques. The 750 vases offer more numerous, interesting representations. Many of the 600 bronze articles are unique; and the 1200 coins, including three remarkable silver hoards, are finer and more valuable than those of 1928.

Arrows and sling-stones inscribed with the name of Philip and others testify to the fury of the siege of 348 B.C., when a man named Star (*Aster*) made a star shot and Philip lost an eye and with it his temper so that the young Alexander, only eight years old, joined his father's soldiers in setting fire to the whole town. The very stones echo the denunciations of Demosthenes who, in spite of the passionate rhetoric of the three Olynthiac orations, failed to rouse the Athenians to save Olynthus and so prevent their own defeat ten years later at Chæronea. The revenues of Athens were being expended in the form of doles to idlers at home rather than in pay to defenders abroad.

The excavations are important because they permit us to date as definitely Hellenic many types of art which were previously considered to be Hellenistic,—that is, after the time of Alexander. But the prime interest is in the residential section, which gives us the first classical city of the fifth and early fourth centuries with the Hippodamian plan of streets at right angles to one another and with its blocks of houses, consisting of ten in two rows of five with a narrow alley between. We discovered the "Main Street," twenty-one feet wide; and in another campaign we should like to follow it to the public square of the city.

The houses measure about fifty feet square and have from eight to fourteen rooms on the ground-floor,

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and probably there was a second story with as many rooms again. There is a central court or peristyle with a loggia about it into which open the rooms. Generally the three most important rooms are on the north and face south to catch the sunlight. Often there is a bathroom with a terra-cotta bathtub in place where the bather sat while a negro (of whom we have several terra-cotta representations) poured water over him. In one instance there is a place for a shower-bath near the tub. The "House of the Comedian" even had a bay-window.

The twelve mosaics found are an absolutely new type to laity and professionals alike, for hitherto only the Hellenistic or Roman tessellated work has been known. The Olynthian mosaics are done in the natural white and blue-black pebbles with a few green, pink, purple, and yellow pebbles. The best one, the ancestor of St. George and the Dragon, is probably the earliest extant pebble mosaic with a mythological scene. It dates about 400 B.C. (long before the Hellenistic Age to which mosaics had previously been attributed) and depicts Bellerophon on the winged Pegasus hurling a spear at the Chimæra beneath him. Others represent lions, boars, deer, ducks, centaurs, double-bodied sphinxes, griffins attacking a stag, and wheel or meander or wave designs.

The Olynthian women must have been capable housewives. They made their own clothing and that of their husbands. Naturally no cloth was found because all garments or wooden furniture must long ago have disintegrated because of the dampness of the soil. But the loom-weights and spools found in every house testify to the industry of these women, while the beautiful bronze safety-pins (*fibulæ*) and brooches, silver and bronze earrings, hat-pins, buckles, necklaces, and other ornaments testify to their delight in presenting an attractive appearance.

The Olynthian took pleasure in making his home attractive. He filled it with an abundance of beautiful vases, terra-cotta figurines, and bronzes, and decorated it with well-designed mosaics and gayly plastered walls. Even the knockers on the wooden doors were objects of beauty, taking the form of a bird or of a lion's head, the latter the most artistic bronze Greek door-knocker ever found.

The practical Olynthian also had an eye to comfort and to "modern" conveniences such as bathrooms with tiled or cement floors and tinted plaster walls. His house was also provided with an efficient drainage system which has withstood the wear and tear of twenty-three centuries. The courts of the houses were all drained either by terra-cotta pipes or by shallow channels in the pavement which carried the water into the alleyways. One day last spring the rain was so terrific that excavation had to be stopped. The next morning the floors of the houses were covered with two or three feet of water, but we cleared the ancient drains and in twenty minutes the water had all run off down the alley and the digging could be resumed.

One of the two cemeteries discovered by us lies more than half a mile to the east of the site and the other

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between the North and South Hills above the river. Nearly two hundred graves were opened. We found that inhumation and cremation were practiced side by side. The skeletons normally lay at full length with their feet toward the west. Some had been buried in wooden coffins which have entirely disappeared except for rows of bronze nails; a few were interred in stone sarcophagi; and others in tile covered graves. In the case of the cremation burials the bones were often put in plain jars and sometimes in beautiful red-figured vases. One of these latter is a *hydria* or water-jar with the representation of an Amazon wearing a short dress and galoshes and continuing the fight against two Greeks while her comrade lies dead on the ground. Another vase containing bones is decorated with a representation of Amphitrite and Poseidon.

In the "Riverside Cemetery" we found several graves of children, one containing nearly a hundred knucklebones which were used to play a game like jack-stones. In another child's grave was a bronze rattle consisting of a long bronze handle with two disks attached at the end; the disks still turn freely, and pebbles inside produce a noise when they are shaken together. In some graves we found a hen's egg (unbroken), the symbol of resurrection. Bronze strigils, the ancient rough bath-towel, were often found in the left or right hand and all sorts of terra-cottas and vases and bronze ornaments where they had been arranged about the corpses. One finger-ring bore the inscription *doron* or gift. In some twenty instances four bronze coins were found in the mouth or near it—Charon's fee for ferrying the dead across the Styx. Generally in other excavations only one such coin has been found, but evidently some Olynthians desired to travel *de luxe* on their last ride.

NOTE.—It is impossible in the space allotted by the editor to give any adequate conception of the excavations at Olynthus. A long preliminary report will be published in the April number of the *American Journal of Archæology* and the final publication will appear in six or more large volumes. A good account appeared in *The New York Times* for October 11th and an editorial by John H. Finley in *The New York Times* for October 12th. *The London Illustrated News* will also soon have reproductions of a few of the discoveries.

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The University in South America

STEPHEN P. DUGGAN

Director of the Institute of International Education

FRENCH influence dominates the cultural life of South America, especially on the east coast. It is natural therefore that education in the South American countries should be organized upon the French model. The *liceo* or *colegio*, like the *lycée* in France, is the very core of the educational system. Its curriculum is almost always the old-fashioned academic curriculum intended solely to prepare the student for entrance to one of the faculties of the university. In other words the *liceo* is more like our private preparatory school than our public high school in that the latter offers other courses in addition to the course that leads to college entrance. The student usually enters the *liceo* or *colegio* at about twelve and the course is generally six years in length. Graduation from the French *lycée* is equivalent to the con-

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clusion of the sophomore class of our college but this is seldom true of the Latin American *liceo*.

As in France education in Latin America has a threefold division, elementary, secondary, and university. There is no institution similar to our college. The American college is unique. It has for its aim the rounded development of the individual, physical as well as mental, an education of the will and feelings as well as of the intellect. The development of character is always kept in view. None of these characteristics apply to either the *liceo* or the university in Latin America. The sole aim of both is intellectual training. Hence few universities have a gymnasium attached to them and practically no attention is given to such extra-curricular activities as athletics, dramatics, glee clubs, magazines, and debates. Almost the sole subject other than lessons which engages the attention of the students is politics and to that they devote a great deal of time and thought. Moreover the pronouncements of the university students upon political topics receive the serious attention of the government. Dictators have closed the national university for a year at a time to prevent student uprisings against their régimes.

The students of the Latin American universities usually have representation upon the university council, sometimes to the extent of one-third of the voting membership. This power is often used for excellent purposes; e.g., to compel the dismissal of a rector appointed through political influence or an unscholarly or inefficient professor. But students' demands sometimes interfere seriously with university administration as when the students insist that an examination be deferred or a vacation prolonged or a course duplicated or eliminated. And when the students' demands are not met they sometimes go on strike and hold up the work of the university for weeks and even months. There can be hardly any question that the Latin American student is more serious, knows more, and has a more mature outlook upon life than an American student of the same age. I doubt that he is a better man.

Every Latin American country has at least one university at the capital and frequently others in the large cities. There are no dormitories attached to the universities, students living either at home or in boarding houses. The three important faculties attended by the majority of students are law, medicine, and engineering. Such faculties as agriculture, dentistry, or commerce are considered of an inferior grade. Much larger numbers of students attend a faculty of law or medicine than with us. This is not because all of them intend to practice those professions but because graduation from a faculty is the only method of securing the coveted title of Doctor which elevates one above his fellows and is, moreover, almost a *sine qua non* for securing a government position, the chief objective of most students. This is less true in the very few countries in which commerce and industry are developing and opening up new and different opportunities for employment.

All the professors in the most important faculties and many of those in the other faculties practice their

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vocations in addition to teaching at the university. It adds much to the prestige of a professional man, especially of a younger man, to be appointed to one of the faculties of the university. The salary of a professor is usually not large. The theory is that a man engaged in actual practice of his profession is better qualified to teach it than one who confines himself to teaching. It sometimes happens that the practitioner neglects his work as a teacher. Moreover, everywhere practically the sole type of teaching is the lecture method, a method which permits of slipshod work. There is excellent instruction in Latin American universities but because of the more varied and interesting methods used in our universities good teaching is more widely diffused with us. Moreover, few universities in Latin America have equipment in libraries and laboratories comparable to those in our own institutions.

Almost all the Latin American universities are state institutions, entirely supported by the state treasury. Since they are legally autonomous and self-governing, the police may not enter their portals to perform their official duties. But as the universities are under the supervision of the minister of education and receive their financial support from the national treasury, their independence is often more apparent than real. Politics often plays a large part in their life. In the United States we overcame that evil, first by arousing public opinion as to the need of independence in university life. Then we placed the State university outside the control of the State government by turning over the supervision of the university to a Board of Regents made up of influential residents of the State and given a long term of office. Finally we provided a minimum of support by apportioning a certain number of units in every dollar raised by public taxation for university purposes only. These provisions have been placed in State constitutions and can be changed only by vote of the people. Unfortunately such ideas are alien to Latin American mentality, and tradition plays a larger part in their life than in ours.

NOTE.—In the limited space allotted to this article only the briefest outline of the South American university can be given.

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The Vollbehr Collection of Incunabula

THROUGH an appropriation of $1,500,000 from Congress the Library of Congress now owns the Vollbehr Collection of 3000 incunabula, including the three-volume Gutenberg St. Blasius-St. Paul copy of the 42-line Bible. An incunabulum is any book printed before January 1, 1501, and so is from 430 to 475 years old.

About the middle of the fifteenth century Gutenberg, after many years of secret experimenting, succeeded in devising means of making cheaply separate metal type and a way to keep those type together when set up to form words and sentences. It took Gutenberg five years to make two hundred copies of his Bible. When the five years were over the Bible was finished—but Gutenberg was bank-

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rupt. He had had to construct the whole technique of manufacture—invent wooden presses, make the type—a slow and costly business at first. He made only enough to set up about four pages. He struck off thirty copies on parchment and about one hundred and seventy on paper. Then he distributed the little stock of type and set up the next four pages. He made more type and more presses until he had six going. He also manufactured his own ink, an art in itself. The early printers made good ink, the impressions from which are as black and well-defined today as they were nearly five hundred years ago. Then there was the costly paper or parchment to assemble. The skins of about three hundred sheep went into one vellum copy. To print so large a book as the Gutenberg Bible a large staff of workmen was required. To keep six presses going several typesetters were needed, and also a typecaster, a pressman, a proof-reader, and a stock man to care for the sheets of skin or paper printed and unprinted. He found a partner in Johann Fust—a banker who seized his machinery, type, paper, parchment, and the printed sheets of the Bible and then carried on the business in his own house.

Gutenberg vainly desired to keep secret the invention of printing, for it was certain to put out of business the entire craft of calligraphers, monks and laymen alike. And it is quite possible that his first thought was to impose on his public by giving the impression that his work was manuscript and so command manuscript prices.

Soon after the first Bible was printed, Fust appeared in Paris with a load and sold one to the King of France and another to the Archbishop of Paris, as manuscript, for about 750 crowns each. Others paid less and the Bible was at length sold for thirty crowns. The purchasers compared notes and then copies and found that they were not copies but facsimiles. These numerous identical copies appeared to be the work of magic and Fust was arrested as an agent of the devil. To get out of jail he told how his Bibles were made.

One of Fust's copies was acquired by the Benedictine monks of an old abbey, Cella Alba at St. Blasius. There it was treasured for three hundred years. Between Fust in Paris and Dr. Vollbehr the Bible has had a single owner, the Benedictines. When the French Revolution in 1794 began to boil over into the neighboring countries, and French soldiers, great connoisseurs of objects of art, began to acquire the more portable pieces, the exiled monks of Cella Alba hid the Bible in Switzerland. In 1809 the Austrian Emperor gave them a deserted abbey at St. Paul in Carinthia.

The Gutenberg Bible gives no information as to the time when it was printed or as to the place or the printer. It has no title page, no colophon. Its 641 pages are unnumbered, and are without catchwords to show the sequence of the pages. But there exists in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris a copy of this Bible in two volumes, at the end of each of which the rubricator has left note that he finished illuminating and binding the second volume on Assumption Day (August 15), 1456, and the first volume on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24), 1456. The printing of

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the book therefore was finished before those dates.

The text of this Bible is what has been called for hundreds of years the "Vulgate," which means the text "commonly" circulated—the edition, in Latin, translated from the Hebrew, Greek, and earlier Latin manuscripts in which various parts of the Scriptures had existed from earliest times. The Vulgate was the work of the greatest scholar of his age, St. Jerome. For a thousand years his version of the Bible existed only in manuscripts of which about 8000 are still extant, most of them now more than 480 years old, many of them very much older. "It is to Saint Jerome that Europe stands forever indebted for the preservation of her spiritual and intellectual inheritance from the deluge of Northern barbarism." It was the Vulgate that Wycliffe translated into English (about A.D. 1360) a hundred years before Gutenberg made the first printed Bible; but Wycliffe's version was not printed until 1864, over five hundred years after it was translated. The Vulgate is the authorized Catholic version of the Bible in Latin and contains the Apocrypha as well as the Old and New Testaments.

The transfer of the Bible to Dr. Vollbehr at St. Paul was the occasion of some ceremony at which Dr. Peissl, addressing Dr. Vollbehr, said: "We are about to put into your hands the most precious jewel of our archives. . . . Its alienation was a necessity, brought about by a financial crisis in consequence of the Great War. As we were going to convert the book into victuals, you became the saver of our lives. Special thanks are due to you for preserving it from becoming a mere object of commerce since you are putting it in the Library of Congress where it will be far more accessible than ever before. We congratulate you and the United States upon the acquisition of this 'book of books.' "

Within five years after the Bible was finished the printing press had been set up in Strassburg. The sack of the city of Mainz in 1462 scattered printers to Cologne. By 1468 they were at work in Italy, in the early 70's they were printing in Paris, soon afterwards, in Spain. Before the end of the fifteenth century printing was going on from Gripsholm in Sweden to Valencia in Spain, from Vienna to Oxford—in 258 cities and towns.

In the first fifty years probably thirty thousand different editions of various works were printed. They covered the whole field of fifteenth-century thought. Dr. Vollbehr's aim was to make a collection that would adequately represent this thought. To an amazing degree his library contains specimens of every sort of publication that came from the fifteenth-century presses—history, philosophy, music, geography, natural history, logic, astronomy, travel, agriculture, philology in abundance, witchcraft, magic, mathematics, almanacs, calendars, herbals, fables, cookery, military science, architecture, fiction, genealogy, books of instruction in speaking, letter-writing, rhetoric, grammar, medieval dictionaries and encyclopedias, biography, ethics, mythology, and wine-making, in Latin, Greek, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, Hebrew—three thousand different edi-

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tions printed on some 635 presses in almost a hundred cities and towns. Since the fifteenth century was much concerned with religion there is a notable representation of religious books. The collection begins with its priceless gem—a perfect copy of the Gutenberg 42-line Bible. (There are forty other Bibles in the Collection.) It ends with the *Golden Repertory of the Bible* of Rampegollis, the last incunabulum, printed on December 31, 1500, the last day of the fifteenth century. Three hundred of the titles are in law, and one hundred and fifty in medicine. Almost all the great ancient classics printed in the fifteenth century are there, about 215 specimens. There are eighteen sets of Aristotle, and specimens from Cæsar, Cato, Catullus, Cicero, Euclid, Herodotus, Hesiod, Homer, Horace, Juvenal, Livy, Lucan, Martial, Nepos, Ovid, Persius, Plato, Plautus, Pliny, Plutarch, Propertius, Quintilian, Sallust, Seneca, Suetonius, Tacitus, Terence, Theocritus, Tibullus, Thucydides, and Vergil. In medieval literature Boccaccio, Dante, and Petrarch are well represented.

During the first one hundred and ten years of its history the Library of Congress had gathered together about six hundred specimens of fifteenth-century printing. In 1927 the Library received a bequest of 929 other incunabula. The Library's total collection of books printed before the end of the fifteenth century is now 4545 volumes. The largest collection is in the State Library in Munich which has about 16,000 specimens, largely the result of bringing together several old monastic libraries consisting very largely of religious works. The British Museum has about 13,000; the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris about 10,000. Only one Library in the Western Hemisphere has now more than the Library of Congress—the Huntington Library in California with about 5300.—*Data from* FREDERICK W. ASHLEY, *Chief Assistant Librarian, Library of Congress.*

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The International Student Service Conference

MARY E. WOOLLEY

President of Mount Holyoke College

THE International Student Service Conference held its tenth annual meeting, the first one in America, at Mount Holyoke College. The sessions began on August 31st and closed on September 8th. I wish not only that every student at Mount Holyoke but that every student in the United States might have come under its influence and felt its stimulus. How may I give you some idea of the significance of this Conference? The roll call is the first answer to that question.

Thirty-four countries were represented. The largest delegation came from Germany, which sent a total of seventeen persons; Great Britain came next with sixteen and an additional eleven arrived from Canada; Switzerland sent seven; Austria five

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and China, New Zealand, and Poland four each. Three came from each of the following: Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, France, Holland, India, and Spain; two each from Belgium, Bulgaria, Greece, Japan, Jugo-Slavia, the Philippine Islands, and Russia; and one each from Albania, Argentina, Cuba, Esthonia, Irak, Latvia, Mexico, Persia, Rumania, Turkey, Ukrania, and Uruguay. All sections of the United States were represented by delegates from thirty-three colleges, universities, and preparatory schools.

No student member of this Conference can have failed to experience a deepening of his own group consciousness. He realizes now, if never before, that the universe is not bounded by the limits of his own campus.

But this Conference did not convene just to bring together students from the ends of the earth, important as that is. The theme of the Conference was "The University in a Changing World"; its chairman, Dr. Arnold Wolfers, Director of the School of Politics in Berlin; and its subjects, world subjects brought home to the campus. The first half of the eight days were informational and inspirational: "The Crisis of the West" by Dr. Wolfers; "The Crisis of the East" by Dr. Datta of India, a member of the London Round Table Conference; "An Analysis of American Civilization" by President Neilson of Smith College; "American and European Conceptions of the University" by President MacCracken of Vassar College and Abbé Gremaud of the University of Freiburg; "The Power of the Past and the Realities of Today" by Dr. Guillebaud, Pro-Proctor of the University of Cambridge.

"What is the university student giving and preparing himself to give in this day of crisis?" A gauntlet thrown down to the university student of today? No one in the Conference could escape that conclusion. And this is where the moral that adorns my tale appears! The talk on "Youth in the Modern World" by Mr. Langmuir, a recent Harvard graduate, and another on "Youth in the Modern World" by Mr. Galarza of Mexico, who has had wide opportunity to know the students of various countries in Latin America, did not hesitate to criticize the students of the Western World for their lack of knowledge of politics, national or international; worse still, for their lack of interest. The discussions of the conference stressed those statements. Not in lack of interest—our American delegation was alive with interest—but in actual knowledge the delegation was not on a par with the European students. Of course there are exceptions—we could pick them out in all our institutions—but "on the whole and in the long run," to quote "Bennie" of blessed memory, they are on a different level. Dr. Kotschnig, Executive Secretary of the International Student Service, gave an illuminating and generous summary of reasons for our lesser knowledge and lesser interest. But the fact remains. And, my friends, these things ought not so to be!

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Discussion

Why I Declined ΦBK

HELEN MUCHNIC
Vassar '25

PHI BETA KAPPA prides itself on being the oldest college honor society in America, on counting among its members many outstanding scholars, and announces "a living membership of over 63,000" from "chapters in 126 American colleges." Its influence is widespread but perhaps not as salutary as it is great.

The purpose of ΦBK is to promote scholarship in America or, more narrowly since its attention is centered upon students working for the A. B. and S. B. degrees, to stimulate intellectual interests among undergraduates.

ΦBK fails utterly however. Far from encouraging truly intellectual interests it only obscures or abases their meaning. Material considerations should have no part in scholarship. Viewed in this light the attitude of ΦBK seems incredibly muddled and its influence pernicious. First let me say that to point out the shortcomings of an organization implies neither a condescending attitude toward it nor a lack of respect for its aims; and second, that ΦBK by its very importance demands in an opponent the strongest weapons at his command.

Continued on page 123, column 2.

Why I Didn't

RUTH CAMPBELL
Wellesley '27

SINCE very few students strive for ΦBK membership by other means than excellence in work, election is regarded in general not as a reward for the striving but as a recognition of ability well employed. To the student this recognition seems a just emphasis on scholarship, especially in colleges and universities where dramatic leads, athletes, and officers of student organizations are honored. Colleges exist primarily to foster academic excellence, and their degrees, scholarships, and other marks of distinction stimulate and appraise scholastic achievements. ΦBK exists likewise to encourage excellence in scholarship. Young students especially are influenced by the recognition of scholarship where it occurs. The acquisition of facts by persistent effort and the development of the art of thinking are rarely undertaken in the heyday of youth for the intrinsic love of learning. Until the scholar is well advanced, and even then, outside stimuli, rolls of honor, degrees, and professional considerations, are incentives to intellectual achievements. The best scholars often deliberately cultivate external incentives in order to hold their ease-loving human nature to the tasks of scholarship. In the award of the Pulitzer

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and Nobel prizes, recognition by grateful fellow-beings is not considered ignoble. I doubt that any man works without taking some thought for recognition—otherwise, why so much ado about plagiarism? Scholarship engaged in for its own sake implies absolute merit in scholastic study, quite apart from need and utility. The outcome of such scholasticity is easily a search for particulars and universals, chronologies in Shakespeare, and lost parts of speech. Scholarship needs the tempering effect of outside criteria.

The type of student who makes recognition as such a primary aim should, of course, never be admitted by the college into the upper tenth of the class, and if admitted, should not be elected to Φ B K. But if he is, shall all be damned by the advertising few? Φ B K must, for the most part, trust the judgment of the college—it should stay out of untrustworthy colleges. Like schools and colleges everywhere, Φ B K realizes that marks *per se* are inadequate criteria of scholarship and has established a committee composed of noted educators and a well-known lawyer to make a thorough study of both institutional and individual memberships. Of course, Φ B K choices err in commission and omission, but an analysis of the achievements of its members suggests that it is possible to detect with fair accuracy the students who later achieve distinction. A large proportion of men and women in America who are outstanding in business, government, international relations, and educational work, are members. They prove tangibly that scholarship today is not cloistered and that education and intelligence are essential to success in the large enterprises of the world. A society with superior membership has superior potentialities. The creation of an endowment fund to aid members in study and research and the establishment of a quarterly journal to promote liberal scholarship in America mark the beginning of Φ B K's fourth half-century.

The snobs of Φ B K would have a touch-me-not attitude as members of any organization. They attract notice while the vast majority of members go undetected because of the very absence of ostentation. Genuine lack of interest in someone else's project or in the projects which absorb the general run of mankind is often interpreted as snobbery. But this absorption and independence of interest may be a priceless asset to a race or culture. The member whom Φ B K desires, feels not pride in the ownership of a key but responsibility to make a worth-while contribution to the common life. Such a person wears the key in advocacy of a certain philosophy of education and life. He in a way commits himself to demonstrate the value of this education.

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Why I Declined ΦBK

Continued from page 122 column 1.

The policy of Φ B K implies that scholarship can be created by recognition and reward. Election into its ranks is held up as a prize to spur students to greater efforts, and so well has it succeeded that possession of the golden key has become the ultimate goal for the ambitious and capable

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student, the object of wistful desire for the less capable, and the source of guarded sneers or of studied indifference on the part of the proudly and avowedly "low-brow." By no member of the community is it entirely disregarded. But now at the risk of incurring the accusation of an absurd idealism I maintain that scholarship is too disinterested to crave recognition and too strong and independent to demand reward. The capable and ambitious student is not necessarily the scholar nor will four years of striving after honors make a scholar of him. True intellectual interests cannot be aroused by artificial means. Research that has recompense as its motive will be effective only so long as a reward is offered for it. If we decide that therefore rewards should be all the more numerous and certain we admit disbelief in the existence of the scientific or the scholarly spirit. Whatever the immediate effect of prizes, an attempt to raise the level of scholarship by means of them achieves a diametrically opposite result.

Membership in Φ B K is granted as a recognition of scholastic achievement and not as a reward therefor. Recognition is acknowledgment of signal service or attainment of which the variety and degree cannot be predicted beforehand. Reward is recompense for achievements whose nature and extent have first been explicitly determined. But the difference between reward and recognition breaks down when the object of recognition becomes so clearly defined that it may be striven for. To become a member of Φ B K one must meet certain requirements, the most important the attainment of a given numerical average which represents instructors' estimate of work—an average that places one at the head of the class. Thus struggle for the Φ B K key becomes competitive. Scholarship is essentially non-competitive but Φ B K emphasizes reward rather than work done to obtain it and offers a prize comparable to the gold stars won in kindergartens.

Some may believe that Φ B K performs a real service in a country and an age in which mass education makes it essential for institutions of higher learning to cope with large groups of intellectual mediocrities who attend college because of economic pressure or social opinion. By setting up a tangible goal, an honor society stirs the lazy and the unintelligent to greater efforts. But the good student will be a good student, Φ B K or not. The poor student may accomplish more than he otherwise would because of an appeal to his competitive spirit and to his vanity. Has Φ B K frankly undertaken to stimulate a temporary and artificial interest among the less intellectually alive of our undergraduates?

Today the policy of Φ B K is characterized by looseness, vagueness, intellectual snobbery, and willingness to stoop to an ostentatious display before an admiring crowd. With sincere regret, because its influence is powerful, its aspirations lofty, and its potentialities great, one watches Φ B K, instead of succeeding in its original intent, unwittingly achieve a result at the very antipodes to its avowed purpose.

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